

# The Sketch

No. 1398 —Vol. CVIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1919.

ONE SHILLING.



LADY VICTOR KELHAM, MAGGIE MAYNELL, AND NELLIE HAY: MISS WINIFRED BARNES IN "MAGGIE."

Miss Winifred Barnes, who has improved greatly both in her singing and her acting, has made a striking success in "Maggie," the new musical play at the Oxford. She doubles the parts of Nellie Hay and Lady Victor Kelham. Nellie is a London dressmaker's assistant who wins £300 in a newspaper competition and decides to spend it on

one glorious week at Beauville. There she is mistaken for a famous cinema star, Maggie Maynell, and plays up to the situation by passing as Maggie. Presently the real Maggie turns up, with her husband, Lord Victor Kelham, and complications ensue which are amusingly rectified in correct musical-comedy style.—[*Photograph by Rita Martin.*]

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# "LAUGHING TO VICTORY": ASTOR-IAN EXPRESSIONS.



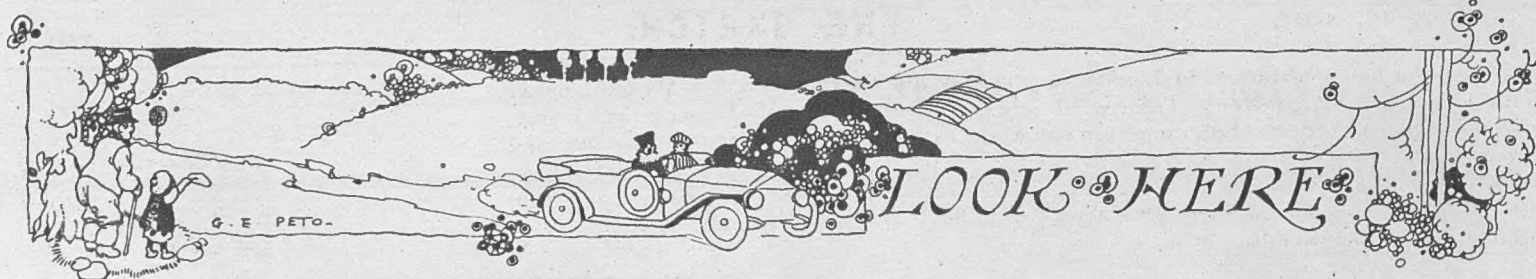
## HARD AT IT: LADY ASTOR ELECTIONEERING.

Everyone is interested in Lady Astor's sporting campaign as the candidate for Plymouth bye-election, which takes place on Nov. 15. Lady Astor has been described as "laughing her way to Parliament," on account of her ready wit and gay good-humour with hecklers—over

whom she scores every time; but there could be no greater error than to imagine that her efforts do not involve serious and exacting work. Her husband, Lord Astor, late Member for Plymouth, is seen with her in one or two of the photographs on our page.

*Photographs by C.P., C.N., Topical, Photo. Press, and I.B.*





"LOOK here," I said; "what about the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton's Blake book?"

"Ham and egg look?" queried my companion.

"The Hamiltons' Blake book," I shouted, as if I was talking against loud music or a high wind.

There was really no high wind or loud music; we were in the restaurant at the Ritz. It was merely a matter of talking against the crowd: Nowhere else, perhaps, in England, does a mere body of talk make so much noise.

The night before I had been dining at my favourite hotel in Oxford—a small place with a sign outside, and a courtyard, and very quiet and quick waiters, and a little fire with beautifully clean and polished lumps of coal demurely burning thereon; and I noticed that nobody talked much above a whisper, though a clergyman at the next table forgot himself and asked for cider quite audibly, then blushed.

I tried to explain this characteristic aspect of England to my American friend at the Ritz. I might as well have tried to explain the mildness and meekness of our climate to the Basuto chiefs. It didn't tally with what the girl from America heard all around her. Never try to give an impression of calm and silence when you

guess you'll have to instal central heating! And there is another thing that makes me tired. You none of you seem to know that your own Queen is beautiful. I'm not talking about the Queen of the photographs, or the business-like person we saw the other day looking at water-colours in Bond Street. I mean Queen Mary in an evening gown with her jewels. We Americans greatly admire her."

"And so do we, of course," I answered. "But not all you Americans admire the things you ought to. Perhaps you are not acquainted with that other young beauty from Ohio who looked at the Venus of Milo for the first time and said, 'If that's Venus, excuse me!'"

She laughed.

"Well," she said, "Venus of Milo is different. There are lots of very lovely people here built on very different lines."

And as she spoke I showed her Lady Granby, walking to her table.

"Yes," said Cleveland, O., "that's what I mean. She's another of the 'excuse me's.' Perfectly beautiful, but miles away from the Milo pattern."

I had, it seems, struck quite the right note when I shouted to her about the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton's Blake book. She turned out to be mad about Blake, and had been wondering who could give her an introduction to Hamilton Palace, or to Professor Grierson, who is preparing the volume for publication.

"How curious to lose a thing like that for nearly a hundred years," said Cleveland, O. "We could never be so offhand in America, though we've much more room for losing things."

I told her that there is

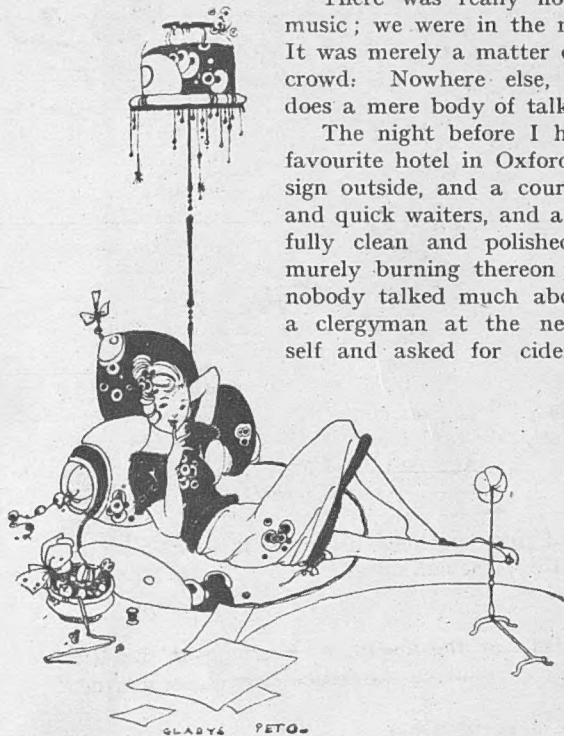
quite a lot of rum-maging going on just now, that the market is ripe, that England is changing hands, which means turning out old cupboards, and clearing old drawers before the arrival of new tenants and owners. If good things are found stowed away you must blame the people who stowed them away, not the people who unstow them.

"Lord Londonderry, for instance, has just discovered a wonderful run of Waterford glass, and at Welbeck Abbey they have been selling things unearthed in the outhouses—not very valuable, but curious, the sort of lumber which makes lumber-rooms exciting and romantic."

And, talking of movings and removals, Lady Ross has taken Francis Howard's amusing house in Warwick Square—but not the most amusing in the Square. There's one with a painted bed on a painted dais, and with walls illuminated with flowers and poetry.

"I'd rather have the Blake book," said Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Richard Bethell is moving into Manchester Square, with her Buddha, and other treasures. She has less need of the Wallace Collection than most of us; she has the Mrs. Richard Bethell collection. And Lord and Lady Boyne are no longer in Wilton Place, but at Belgrave House, Belgrave Square, which is larger—and so, too, are their boys!



1. The "get-rich-quick" mania has seized Angela, and she is thinking out a plan for coining money.

have to raise your voice in the process. It doesn't go down.

In a way, during certain recent luncheon hours in Piccadilly, the buzz of talk was one sort of very good table manners. It banished the guilty sense of eavesdropping, of inquisitiveness, which might otherwise have got hold of one when one sat in the same room as the King and Queen of Spain and their guests. And so the ordinary Englishman, who is supposed to take his pleasure and his lobster sadly, proved to be as full of conversation as Mr. H. G. Wells. The Spains, by the way, did not keep to the same table. Once I saw them in the centre of the restaurant, a target for eyes from all directions. Another time I saw Queen Ena nearer the entrance, with her back to the wall, which gave her command of the situation, and saved her from all-round publicity.

"But why were you all so slow about her, anyway?" asked the girl from Cleveland, O. "You were all slow as molasses in January when it came to calling her pretty. The only thing I've read about her looks since I've been here was a paragraph by somebody who had seen her when she was a girl of twelve or so, and hadn't ever seen her since, I guess. Her called her 'frankly a plain child.' You say plain, and we say homely; it's all the same, and it's not exactly complimentary. Why, I would have believed it, if I hadn't been lucky enough to see her here in London with my very eyes."

I agreed that the Queen of Spain was really good-looking, but I was in for a scolding, all the same.

"Don't say good-looking. Say she looks good to you. How cold you English are; I



2. She is going, she decides, to collect rabbit-skins—by fair means—



3. —And by foul—



"But the house of houses in London just now is the Curzons' corner place in Carlton House Terrace," I said; "where she can give the 'Spains' and the Shah dinners in one week, without turning a hair. And Lady Curzon of Kedleston is the greatest of great people. London, you see, is full of distinguished visitors, and she has to do the honours for them all. Bachelor Balfour as Foreign Secretary just now would never have done."

The Queen of Norway does not count as a distinguished stranger. She is one of us, one of the family with an English home, and an English nickname—'Harry.' But the Poincarés do count very



5. These coats will be sold for vast sums, as they are real coney!

much, as distinguished strangers; and Lady Curzon is supplied with a list of others that would abash most moderate linguists.

"Another person I admire," said Cleveland, O., "is Lady Cunard, whom I saw in the Royal box, in pink, the other night."

"The Opera's her show, to a great extent," I said. "But I wonder you don't grouse about the cold at Covent Garden on that famous first night."

"It was like sitting at a vegetable stall in the market. I was as cold and as purple as a cabbage," said Cleveland, O.; "but it amused me all the same. I saw Mrs. Asquith, and Mrs. Keppel with Sonia, and Lord and Lady Ribblesdale and Lord and Lady Beatty (both American wives, those two)—everybody, in fact, I wanted to see, except your Millicent Duchess of Sutherland, whom I'm told one should now call Lady Millicent Hawes."

"And, by the way, how extraordinarily rude and misinformed some of your papers are. It said in one that Lieutenant-Colonel Hawes, *unlike his predecessors*, had persuaded Millicent to give up the title of Duchess! As if she had clung to it like grim death. And *predecessors*! There was only one who could have suggested her relinquishing it, unless you count the Duke. And it was he, I fancy, who persuaded her to adopt it!"

"I went the other day," said Cleveland, O., "to Chelsea, to put myself wise about John's etchings. The great catches are the portraits of W. B. Yeats."

"Yeats wasn't there himself, I suppose," I said. "He's more or less in retirement, in Oxford."

"But Oxford has its own little shows," she said; "he probably is the lion of two or three tea-parties a day."

"No," I said, "he excuses himself; he prefers the baby. A previous engagement with Miss Yeats generally keeps him at home."

"Well, I'm not crazy about afternoons," said she; "but there's one I'm going to on the 19th—to hear Lady Margaret Sackville read her poems in Lady Ian Hamilton's drawing-room."

"Lady Margaret is a fairy person, too," I said; "she's brother to Yeats when it comes to that—and almost as difficult to catch at tea-time."

"Mrs. Lovat Fraser will sing, too; same day and place," said Cleveland, O., "and I'm not sure that a plain song or two of hers isn't as good as a grand opera."

"Constance Lady de la Warr is giving away the bride, and Lady Margaret Sackville is one of the maids-of-honour at Mrs. Heathcote's wedding on the 17th—the second in six months," said I.

"Why, she's some hustler," said America.

But I explained that it was not exactly a second marriage, only a second performance of the first—a Catholic ceremony (the groom being Papist) following it after an interval just sufficient to make it seem all quite fresh and amusing to the principal lady.

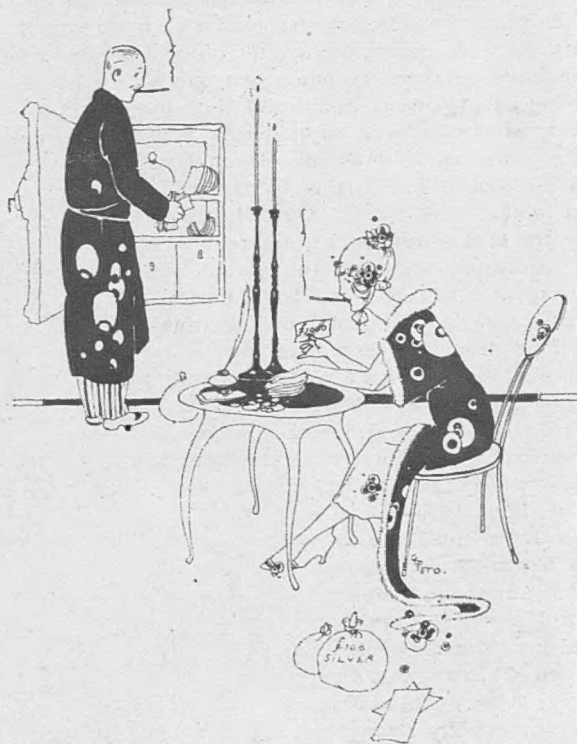


4.—And, assisted by Algy, secretly fashion coats of them.

"Everybody who isn't at the Opera, or lunching at the Ritz, or dining at Claridge's, or dancing Armistice dances, is huntin'" I said.

"Huntin'!" said Cleveland, Ohio.

"Yes, that's how Lady Astor, your compatriot, says it," I said. "We used to think it peculiarly English—that clipping of the final 'g,' but she does it better than anybody. One thing," I went on, "which will always be remembered about her Plymouth campaign was the pretty things that Lord Astor said about her. He



6. "It will be a happy sight When they count their gains by night." N.B.—The darling dogs do not appear, as they—like Algy—are sick of a diet of rabbit, and do not share the monetary benefit brought by this menu.

said that in the past he had always given of his best to his constituency, and that he was still giving his best."

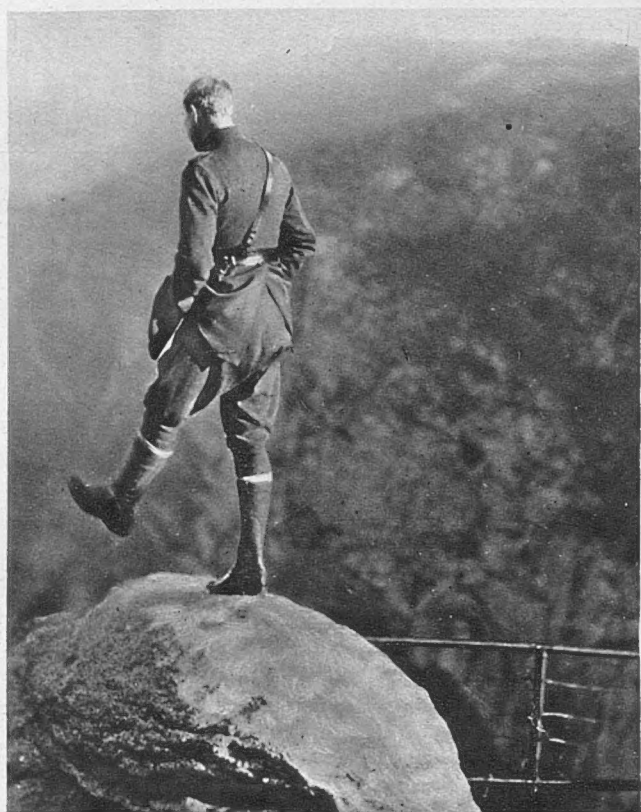
"It takes an American husband to pay compliments," said Cleveland, O.

"As for the huntin'," I went on, "Lord Winterton had his accident quite early this year, but the Duchess of Beaufort is going strong."

"And I'm going, but not too strong," said Cleveland, O. "I was Armisticing all last night."



## MIXED PERSONALITIES: ROYALTY AND SOME OTHER PEOPLE.



WELL BALANCED—IN THE YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK, CAL.:  
THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.



WITH THE CHIEF SCOUT AND THE CHIEF GUIDE:  
PRINCESS MARY AS GIRL GUIDE.



THE RUTHERFORD-BURNAND WEDDING: BRIDE AND GROOM  
AFTER THE CEREMONY.



GEORGES CARPENTIER'S WELCOME TO TOWN: LEAVING  
THE LONDON PAVILION.

The King of the Belgians recently visited the Yosemite National Park, California. Our photograph shows him balanced on an over-hanging rock, looking into the canyon hundreds of feet below.—Princess Mary appeared at the Peace Rally of Girl Guides at the Albert Hall in the uniform of a Girl Guide. This is her first appearance in public in this kit. Our photograph shows her with Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden Powell, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., and Lady Baden Powell.—The marriage of

Miss Monica Cecilia Burnand, grand-daughter of the late Sir Francis Burnand, of "Punch" fame, and only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burnand, to Mr. Francis John Buckley Rutherford, R.F.A., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Buckley Rutherford, took place at St. James's, Spanish Place, recently.—Georges Carpentier had a great reception when he arrived in town a few days ago. He spent his first evening at the Pavilion, where he was introduced on the stage by Mlle. Delysia.

Photographs by L.N.A., T.P.A., S. and G., and C.N.



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## HER CAMPAIGN: WEAPONS FROM FASHION'S ARMOURY.



1. THE DROOPING PLUME: A PARTHIAN SHAFT.

3. HER DIADEM OF OSPREYS: A SMART HAT.

2. WITH THE NEW RIBBON CHIN-STRAP: A CHIC LITTLE MODEL.

4. ELEGANT SIMPLICITY: A CHINESE SHAPE.

Fashion is being kind to her votaries this autumn, for no one could call the newest models at Maison Lewis anything but becoming and easy to wear, as well as chic examples of a milliner's genius. The softness of velvet when carried out in a big-brimmed shape and adorned with paradise plumes is irresistible; while those who are looking

for a small model can satisfy themselves with either the impertinently chic little striped toque with its novel bonnet-strings, or the more demure charm of the Chinese Mandarin style, which boasts ribbon streamers which add a daringly coquettish finish. Russian shapes are still in favour.—[Hats by Maison Lewis Paris and London; Photographs by Bertram Park.]



## GRAND OPERA IN ENGLISH: COVENT GARDEN RE-OPENS.



ONE OF THE FAMOUS CONDUCTORS:  
MR. ALBERT COATES.



IN "TRISTAN AND ISOLDE": MR. FRANK  
MULLINGS.



A SINGER IN "PRINCE IGOR":  
MME. ELSA STRALIA.



AS THE GENERAL IN "COQ D'OR":  
MR. HERBERT LANGLEY.



AS CASSIO IN "OTHELLO": MR. WEBSTER  
MILLAR.



AS IAGO IN "OTHELLO": MR.  
FREDERICK AUSTIN.



AS PRINCESS OLGA IN "IVAN THE  
TERRIBLE": MISS JEANNE BROLA.



THE WELL-KNOWN SINGER:  
MR. EDMUND BURKE.



IN "SAMSON AND DELILAH":  
MR. NORMAN ALLIN.

The autumn season at Covent Garden is giving the public many good things, for the Sir Thomas Beecham Opera Company, Ltd. have included in their repertoire several interesting operas which have not been heard in London since the season of Russian Opera in 1914. Stravinsky's "Nightingale" is being given, as well as Borodin's

"Prince Igor" and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Coq d'Or"; and "Parsival" will be heard for the first time in English. The opening performance of "Othello" was quite exceptionally good, and all lovers of music are profoundly grateful to Sir Thomas Beecham for giving this autumn season, which will achieve the big success it deserves.



## THE OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON: PERSONALITIES.



OUT WITH EARL FITZWILLIAM'S: VISCOUNT GALWAY.



BACK TO HIS POST AS M.F.H.: LORD CHESHAM.



LATE M.F.H.: LADY CHESHAM.



A KEEN SPORTSWOMAN: THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

The opening of the hunting season really makes us feel that the world is at peace, and it is good to see the demobbed sportsmen back again. Lord Galway has been out with Earl Fitzwilliam's pack, which includes the Duchess of Newcastle among its lady followers. Lord

Chesham is back as M.F.H. of the Old Berkeley Hunt, which was carried on during the latter part of the war by his beautiful young wife, Lady Chesham, who, before her marriage, in 1915, was Miss Margot Mills. Our photograph shows her at the opening meet.—[Photographs by C.N.]

# “HUNTING IN FIELDS FOR HEALTH UNBOUGHT”.



MASTER OF THE GALWAY BLAZERS: MR. JOE PICKERSGILL.



WITH THE KILLING KILDARES: MAJOR LOCKETT, MRS. TRONSON, AND MISS MAUD WOLFE.



AT A MEET OF THE VINE HUNT: THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.



ON HER FAVOURITE HUNTER: THE COUNTESS OF RODEN.



AT THE OPENING MEET OF HIS PACK EARL FITZWILLIAM, K.C.V.O., D.S.O.

Sportsmen and sportswomen all over the British Isles are looking forward to a good season, and it is comforting to know that though the difficulties to be faced in the resumption of hunting are many, none of them are insurmountable; and those who hold with Dryden that it is “Better to hunt in fields for health unbought, Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught” will probably see some fine sport, whether in the stone wall and bank country where Mr. Joe Pickersgill has been M.F.H. of the Blazers since 1911; with the Killing Kildares; or in the famous English shires. Our photographs show some sportsmen and sportswomen at the opening meets of various packs. Major Lockett, the famous polo-player, is a prominent follower of the Killing Kildares, and is seen in our photograph with Mrs. Tronson, wife of Major Tronson, of



# SOME NOTABLES AT THE OPENING MEETS.



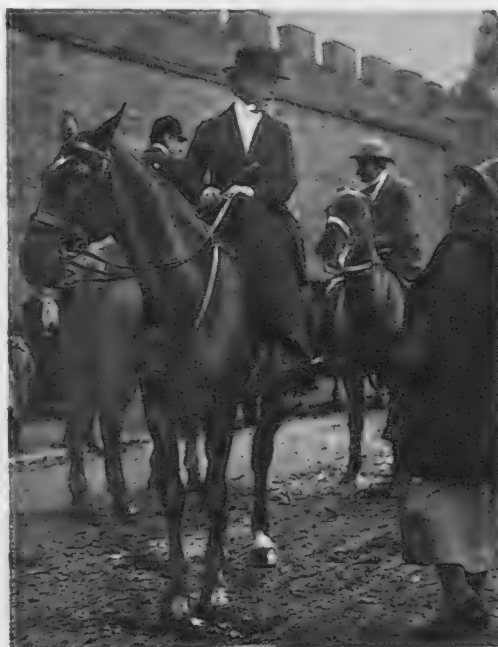
AT A MEET OF HER HUSBAND'S PACK: THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.



MASTER OF THE NORTH HEREFORDSHIRE FOXHOUNDS: THE EARL OF ESSEX.



SON OF VISCOUNT GALWAY: THE HON. GEORGE VERE MONCKTON ARUNDELL, D.S.O.



STEP-DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF BERKELEY: MISS JACKSON.



AT A MEET AT EWHURST PARK: THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Brannoxtown, Co. Kildare, and Miss Maud Wolfe, of Forenaughts, Naas.—The Countess of Essex hunts with her husband's pack, the North Herefordshire.—The Vine Hunt met for the first time this season at Ewhurst Park, the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, who both came to the meet.—The Countess of Roden, wife of the eighth Earl, is a keen rider to hounds, as befits an Irish Peeress.—Earl Fitzwilliam is one of the best-known sportsmen in the British Isles. His pack, The Grove, met at Selby Hall, Bawtry, recently.—The Hon. George Vere Monckton Aundell, heir of Viscount Galway, goes out with Earl Fitzwilliam's hounds.—Miss Jackson, step-daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, is a follower of the Berkeley Hunt, of which Lord Berkeley is M.F.H.—[Photographs by C.N., S. and G., and Poole, Waterford.]

# WITHOUT PREJUDICE

**L**AUGH for joy, ye melancholy persons that sit in box-offices, and skip like young rams, ye large gentlemen in fur coats that direct theatrical enterprises of the lighter kind! For Mr. George Graves is come upon the town again, and the English language is being deepened, the range of contemporary thought is being broadened, by the mellow fruit of that great thinker's private reflections. Once more he has constructed one of those lamentable old gentlemen with a perpetual flow of anecdote and an astonishingly pictorial vocabulary, whose entries are heralded by riotous conversations with the people outside, and their exits celebrated by the wild applause of seat-holders relapsing feebly into coma until their hero's next appearance. The "Jim" with whom Mr. George Graves's luxuriant imagination and exuberant personality has embellished "Maggie" at the Oxford more than justifies the whole of that not unduly stimulating composition.

For Mr. Cochran, ever avid of novelties, is heading something in the nature of a reaction or a Counter-Reformation or a revulsion in the direction of Musical Comedy. There is no harm in that. It was high time that we were permitted to bid good-bye to the kettle-drums and incoherence of revue, and one had long arrived at the embittered conclusion that syncopation was a weariness to the flesh, however much of the latter might be exhibited on the gang-plank across the stalls as a compensation for the reiteration of the former in the orchestra. So a return to the *divertissements* of our pre-war ancestors was not unwelcome. But the Muse of Anglo-Saxon operetta appears to have grown a trifle thin after her war-time privations, and the plot of "Maggie" would hardly do credit to a Viennese light opera company touring Czecho-Slovakia. One is even driven to the humiliating conviction that they do these things better in Austria. So some-

feeling quite strong enough at so early a stage in the proceedings. Or perhaps the human back is not really an entertaining spectacle in such large quantities. But anyway, in the deathless words of the late Queen Victoria, We Are Not Amused. And Mr. Cochran, who is a wise man and knows his own business best, might see to it.

For the rest, the burden falls rather heavily on the Atlantean shoulders of Mr. Graves. Miss Barnes sings with a voice that shows



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S DUCK-SHOOTING TRIP ON QU'APPELLE LAKE, CANADA: THE CAMP; WITH HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S TENT IN THE CENTRE.

The town of Qu'appelle is forty-one miles E.N.E. of Regina, on the C.P.R.—[Photograph by C.N.]

a considerable advance on her earlier work, and sometimes for a moment or two she seems to recall that she was once in a Real Play. Mr. Arthur Chesney, as a man dress-maker, acts a genuine part and sings a first-class song in a scene of real beauty. And lots of other people prance round with mildly enjoyable results—especially Mr. Gawthorne, who sings with considerable effect, and Miss Florence Vie, who is the only person in the house who is not allowed to laugh when Mr. Graves is funny. But the rest is George. He rambles interminably; he is horrified, scandalised, unwell, gay, dejected, reminiscent, paternal—but he is always George. And that is quite enough for most of us.

And one wonders vaguely if Musical Comedy is all right or not. Not—unless someone does something a bit better than "Maggie." Because it is hardly enough to make a series of more or less plausible excuses for the recurrence on the stage of a first-rate comedian; one can get that in revue, or even in a variety show. It is also not enough merely to make a number of more or less tuneful numbers which owe their principal rise into sweetness to the composer of "Manon." They must pull themselves together, these musical comedians, if they are really going to unseat Revue from her unwelcome dominion over our eyes, ears, and intelligences. They must get a plot, a libretto, some music with a uniform character—and then, fellow-sufferers under the tyranny of negroid noises,

we shall see what we shall see. There has been comic opera and musical comedy, and there will be both again—especially if they take the tariff off imported articles (pre-war) of Austrian manufacture, and stimulate the native intelligence with a little healthy competition.

"Monsieur Beaucaire" demonstrated amply that light opera is not a lost art—like staining window-glass and being funny though female. And there is no real reason why we should not see the same thing proved in the case of musical comedy. It was once—before it became a mere convention consisting of a regular succession of tricks and openings—the liveliest thing on the stage, and it may be so again.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S DUCK-SHOOTING: PART OF THE BAG.

The bag for two days was 480, and the Prince accounted for more birds than any other member of the party.—[Photograph by C.N.]

one had better get out the old book, pretend that Lehar was a Croat, and revive "The Merry Widow."

The bareness of the dramatic and dialectical land was a trifle surprising in view of the admitted participation of Mr. H. F. Maltby in the concoction (why is the composition of musical comedy never ranked as a one-man business?). But it is undeniable, and we must all do our best to forget about it in the undergrowth of Mr. George Graves's glorious mannerisms and the graceful heroinity of Miss Winifred Barnes. The other distraction which Mr. Cochran has provided—a number of amiable young ladies who skip and sing and glide about—is also effective, with the exception of those who are burst upon us at the very beginning. Perhaps we were not

# YOUNG ENGLAND IN THE FIELD: SOME JUVENILE ENTHUSIASTS.



WITH MISS MARY HOLMDEN: THE HON. JEANETTE AITKEN, ONLY DAUGHTER OF LORD BEAVERBROOK.



IN SMART HUNTING KIT: MISS CORNELIA AND MISS PHILIPPA BURRELL.



LORD AND LADY CHESHAM'S SON: THE HON. JOHN CHARLES COMPTON.

Young England is well represented in the hunting field, as these pictures, taken at the first meets of the season, show. The Hon. Jeanette Aitken, only daughter of Lord and Lady Beaverbrook, hunts with the Surrey Union Hounds. Our photograph shows her with Miss Mary Holmden, only daughter of Sir Osborne Holmden, K.B.E., of

Edenbridge, Sussex.—Miss Cornelia and Miss Philippa Burrell are two young sportswomen who come out with the North Herefordshire Foxhounds, of which the Earl of Essex is Master.—Lord and Lady Chesham's baby boy is beginning early, as he is only three, but rides his pony to the meets of the Old Berkeley.



## A TOLSTOY SUCCESS AT THE ST. JAMES'S: "REPARATION."



MASHA UPBRAIDED BY HER FATHER: (L. TO R.) MR. HENRY AINLEY AS FEDYA AND MISS ALICE MOFFAT AS MASHA.



THE ARREST OF FEDYA: MR. HENRY AINLEY AS FEDYA IN ACT 3, SCENE 1, OF "REPARATION."

In spite of their handicap of starting during the railway strike, Messrs. Gilbert Miller and Henry Ainley—the new management at the St. James's—have made a fine success of their first production, "Reparation," adapted from Tolstoy's play, "The Living Corpse." The hard-drinking "hero,"

Fedya, falls in love with a gipsy girl named Masha, and disappears, it being given out that he is drowned. His wife re-marries, but Fedya is forced by a blackmailer to "come to life" again, and eventually commits suicide. Mr. Henry Ainley plays Fedya with masterly power.

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## MRS. ASQUITH'S HALF-SISTER ENGAGED: THE FIANCÉS.



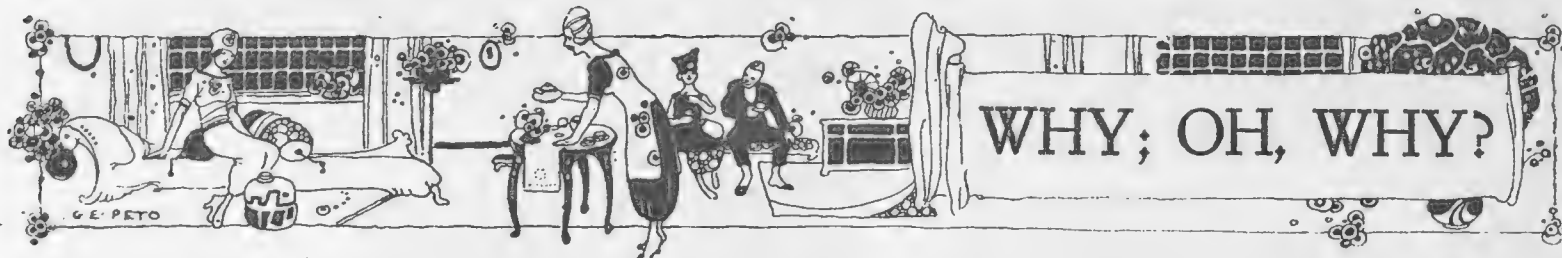
TO MARRY: CAPTAIN JOHN LODER AND MISS MARGARET TENNANT.

One of the most important engagements of the day is that of Miss "Peggy" Tennant, daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant, Bt., and Mrs. Geoffrey Lubbock, to Captain John de Vere Loder, Royal Sussex Regiment, son of Mr. Gerald Loder, of Wakehurst Place, Ardingley, Sussex, and Lady Louise Loder, sister of the Duke of St. Albans.

Miss Tennant was a débutante of the year, and the dance given for her coming-out at Lord Glenconner's home was a brilliant affair. She is only twenty; is the eldest of the three young half-sisters of Mrs. Asquith, and of the present Lord Glenconner; and is an aunt to the Marchioness of Granby, and to Lady Lovat.

*Photographs by Bertram Park and Lofuyelle.*





ONE returns this week, with the assistance of the whirling stars and the still more rapidly revolving calendar, to the happy land of Armisticia. You will find in the geography books that it is bounded on the north by the Kensington Road, where the omnibus drivers gaze with fond regret at Miss Gaby Deslys' ex-window boxes, and on the west by Queen's Gate, where you have to take sandwiches with you if you are going so far as across the road. It is, in fact, the memorial hall of the late Prince Albert. Indissolubly connected is that lamentable and hump-backed building with the later stages of the war, when the female population of the Home Counties used to parade the not particularly green sward of the Albert Hall dressed up as Polynesia, the Lesser Antilles, Melanesia, Charity, Insolvency, Economy, Indigestion and other war-time symbols, comforted by sympathetic photographers with the happy conviction that they were in some way accelerating the backward movement of the German armies.

And now they have taken the old place out of pawn again, dusted the seats, removed all traces of its disreputable connection with the

is now a universal failing, isn't it? We all must come to it. And most of us do. Sensation amongst Savoyards, the other afternoon at the graceful irruption of MM. Diaghileff and Massine, Eager ladies prevented by nervous husbands from standing on chairs in their anxiety to see what one bants on before prancing rhythmically under the eyes of the assembled royal houses of Windsor and Teheran. Cordon of waiters hastily formed. Order restored. And it was Stone Ginger—'swelp me, it was. So there!

One should study a little carefully the shifting phases of furniture fashion. It is as entertaining as the evolution of fur shapes and feather tints, and not nearly so uncertain. The upholstery *arbitrarily elegantiarum*, whose habitat must be somewhere between Wardour Street and the Caledonian Market, is all out at the moment for the honey-coloured attractions of satinwood. He rather prefers it painted all over with the little cracked and faded flowers of 1820, and the result is as drawing-roomy as you like. Industrious dealers, always obligingly ready to meet a sudden demand with a constant supply, are trotting all round the country mopping up the dreariest



INCLUDING MARY PICKFORD AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS: PEOPLE FAMED IN THE FILM WORLD.

The photograph was taken at the first annual stock-holders' and directors' meeting of the United Artists' Corporation, which was held at Los Angeles recently. From left to right are: Mr. Dennis O'Brien, attorney for Miss Mary Pickford; Mr. Hiram Abrams, General Manager of the Corporation; Mr. H. T. Banzhof, attorney for Mr. D. W. Griffith; Miss Mary Pickford, who presided; Mr. William G. McAdoo (son-in-law of President Wilson),

General Counsel to the Corporation, who took that post, which is said to be worthy about 100,000 dollars a years, after resigning the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer in the U.S.; Mr. Sid Chaplin (behind Mr. McAdoo), representing Mr. Charlie Chaplin; Mr. D. W. Griffith (sitting); Mr. Douglas Fairbanks (behind Mr. Griffith); Mr. Oscar Price, President of the Corporation (sitting); Mr. John Fairbanks (standing); and Mr. Nathan Burkan.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

higher forms of music, installed an Amerfrican orchestra, turned up all the lights, and got down to the serious business of reconstructing a genuine Armistice-time corroboree or tribal rejoicing. It is a little queer to look back over the twelve months of dwindling coal and lorribuses which appear to represent the best that we can do in the way of a New Heaven and a New Earth, and to ruminate (take cover, please, whilst contributor ruminates) on the High Hopes and all that of Nov. Eighteen. But they forgot about that the other evening at the Albert's Head. With consequences of which, as the giddy young she-letter-writers of the public press say, More Anon, my Popsy.

Meanwhile, lunch becomes increasingly the entertaining meal in public places. Dinner has turned into the hurried prelude of the milder forms of theatrical or saltatory excess. And breakfast has never been really popular outside Downing Street and the older Universities. But lunch. And on the Embankment (not, you know, on one of those unsympathetic green iron seats, with pictures of camels on them and such a nasty draught all round; but upstairs, behind glass, by artificial light—and, in fact, at the Savoy). Lunch

pieces of light yellow furniture and painting little posies on them—with special orders to the painter that the whole affair is to look as though poor dear King George IV. winked at someone across it in its early days.

And not a bad craze, either. The results in decoration are far less nasty to look at than its predecessor's, the lacquer habit. The bulging figures of gilt Chinamen that used to stand out from the fake red lacquer in a *fin de last year* room were always rather dreary, because they drove the owners to such Chu-Chin-Chovian excesses in the way of heathen lamp-shades. And the successor of satinwood is a more serious business still. Because, although it is a Far Cry at present to the Victorian drawing-room with its wax flowers and *papier-mâché* occasional tables, it is going to cry a bit nearer soon. One deluded enthusiast is already scouring Europe for mother-of-pearl, and the alabaster market may be expected to boom shortly. Profiteers are beginning to put their savings into Berlin-wool pictures of the Prince Consort visiting the Great Exhibition, and speculators are buying steel engravings of "The Monarch of the Glen" for the rise. Funny world, isn't it?

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# THE SATIRES OF CYNICUSS

"YOU mean Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,'" I corrected pedantically, when Cynicuss announced to me that he had just last night come back from the once Gay City.

"Alas!" he shrugged, "nothing so delightful. I meant *stern*, and fatiguing, and expensive too!"

"But then," I challenged, "why repeat it so frequently? You seem to be always either on the point of starting for Paris or coming back therefrom. Or are you one of the pillars of the Quai d'Orsay?"

"No," answered Cynicuss, with a certain show of reticence, I thought. "I—er—I have nothing to do with politics at all; I just run across to—"

"To put your foot on the sands of pleasure—what?"

"Oh, dear me, no!" he protested, with more vehemence than my *taquinerie* was worth. "I go to see a friend over there."

"Oh, I see," I said; "but couldn't *she* come over now and then?"

Why should it always be Mahomet going to the Mountain—or at least Montmartre?"

"She is not a mountain, nor is she in Montmartre, nor is it a *she* at all! It's just a chap I skip across to see during the week-end."

I smiled incredulously. "And why is that trip so unattractive?" I queried.

"It begins with that up-to-date form of torture for travellers—the pastime and sport of Officials."

"Which is?"

"Passporting," he grinned. "Suppose that you should suddenly be seized with the desire to see a new play in Paris, or buy a new hat, how would you proceed?"

"I'd ask you to go to Cook's and buy a ticket for me, Cynicuss, *mon ami*!"

"But they would not give it to me, sweet and simple old thing! First, you'd have to go and get a form, fill it with accurate details concerning your age, sex, appearance, shape, height, complexion, taking care to mention the exact number and place of moles, warts, freckles, or other disfigurements."

"But they would not search me for them!"

"I am not so sure," said Cynicuss seriously. "Even officials are men, for all that! But, to come back to the document: you must, if you are a man, state the number of your wives, the age of your children, with some sort of dutiful allusion to your father and grandfather; also you must reveal which part of the world should be called blessed for having given you birth; and, above all, remember to state in black and white the nature of the business which calls you to Paris."

"What fuss! But then, after all this, I go and get my ticket?"

"Not yet, impatient one! Then you go and get your photograph taken to stick on your form."

"Oh, that would be nothing—I have lots of photographs handy."

"Ah, but there are photographs and photographs! Nothing less will satisfy the Authorities than half-a-dozen of photographs, all similar and bare-headed. So that, in spite of your legions of other



## STERN SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY—TIPS TO TRIPPERS.

BY MARTHE TROLY CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

portraits in fancy dress or latest befeathered creations, you'll have to run to one of those strange shops so dear to Australians, and there get your face filmed out of recognition. They do it while you wait and sigh. You can have them a few moments after. Every woman should have one of those likenesses of herself on her dressing-table as a cure for coquetry."

"Yes? And then after that I go and get my ticket?"

"Your optimism is only equalled by your impatience!" said Cynicuss sarcastically.

"Having stuck one of those photographs on your form, you then proceed with the whole to Lake Building."

"But isn't that somewhere in America, where the Mormons come from and marry?"

"No, not so far; but I feel sure you won't find it easily,



"One of those strange shops so dear to Australians."

nevertheless. It's by the lake of St. James's Park—which, by the way, is now quite dry."

"It too?"

Cynicuss condescended to smile. "You will then enter a building above which is written—"

"You who enter?"

"No; just 'Passport Office'—it's the English translation! You go in, you fill another form, then you sit among fellow-sufferers, and you wait. Your name is called, you go into another room, you sit and wait until a form is filled for you, your name is again called. By that time your name in its new guise has become odious to you, and your trip preposterous. Just as you are about

to shriek, 'Please give me back my good name, and I don't want to go to Paris! Let me go to bed and die!' your passport is sold you and you are let loose into the fresh air."

"Then I go and get my ticket?"

"Then you go to the Consulate, you fill a form, you sit or stand in a room with other resigned creatures, and you wait. If you are lucky you get your passport *visé* the same day, and then—then you can go to Cook's; but by that time you find that too many Cooks have spoilt the broth, and that your trip does no longer seem attractive. Besides, Cook's is closed by then!"—"Yet all this has not deterred you!"

"Well, that chap in Paris is still ill in a hospital, and my going to see him makes all the difference." (With true British fear of heroics) "The silly ass *thinks* I saved his life at Loos, that's all!"

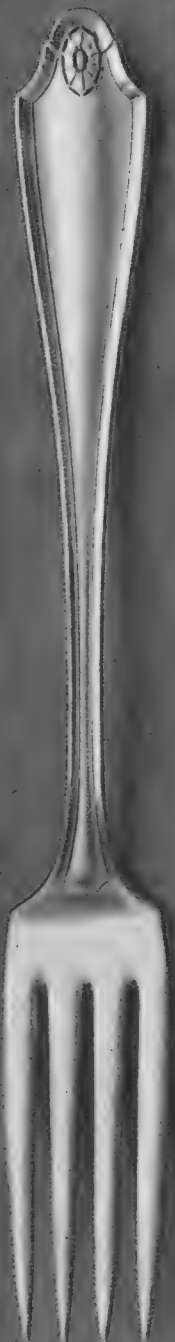
Cynicuss would so hate to appear sublime!



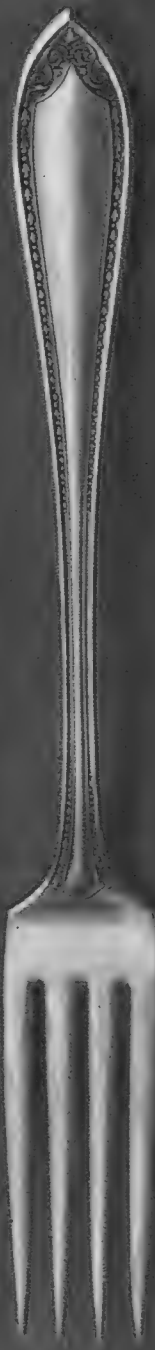
Influence!—or, the man who got his passport *visé* in four hours.



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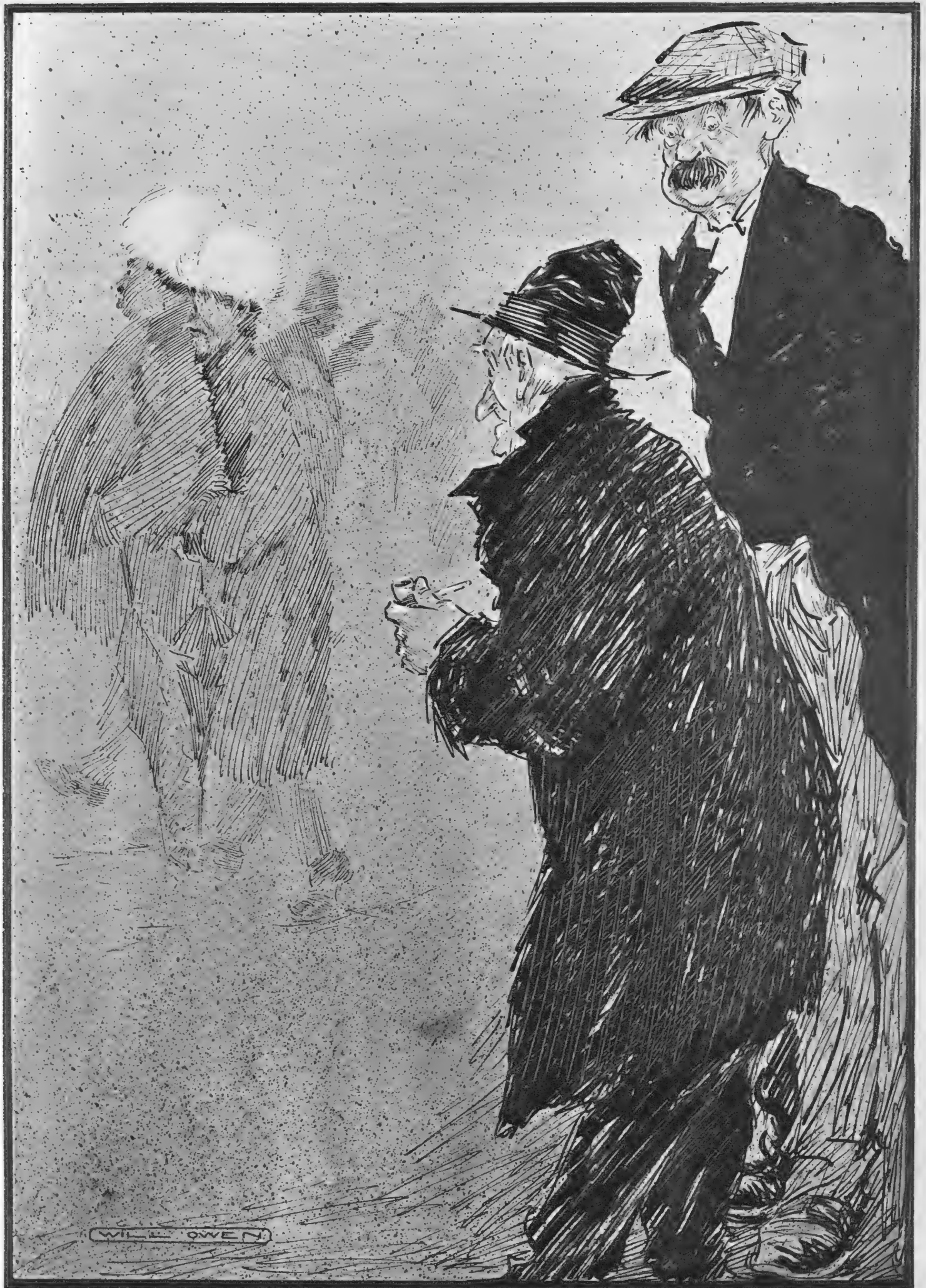
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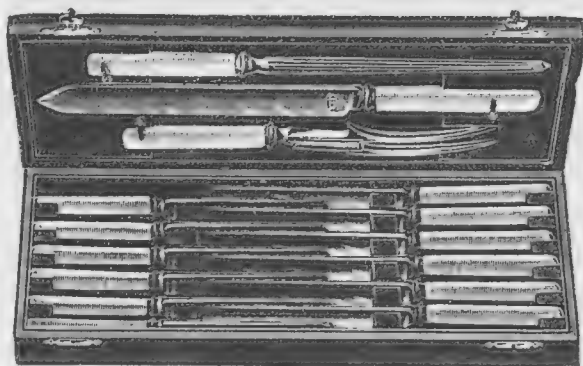
ALBERT : Over 'ere fer a little ollerday, I s'pose.

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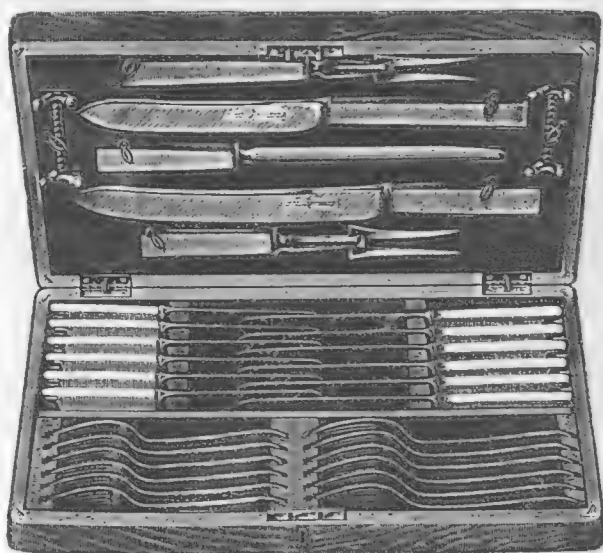
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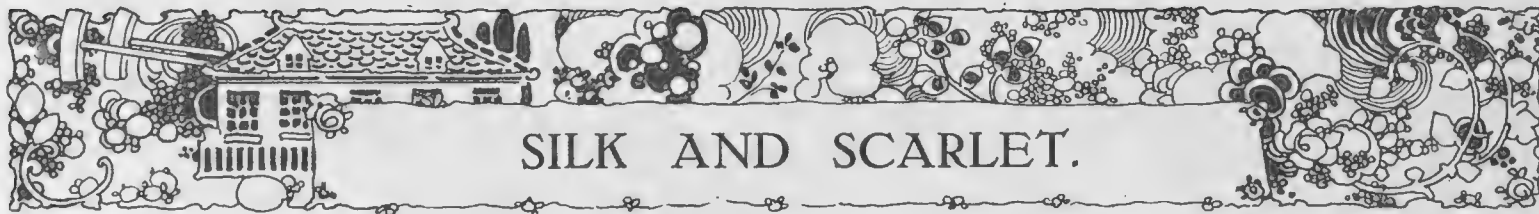
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## SILK AND SCARLET.

THERE was very little time or space to say much about the Cambridgeshire in last week's notes, and I do not propose to say much this, because it is by now all dead as the Dodo; but what has entertained me is that I am assured that none of the bookmakers had a good race!

Have you ever met a bookmaker who has been ready to admit that he has had a really big win? He may say that he has "won a bit"; but, as a rule, the Ring's existence is one long struggle with an unkind Fate and a hungry wolf who sits upon the doorstep. If, however, in spite of Mr. "Jimmy" de Rothschild's reported coup of about £35,000 (some people say that this is a conservative estimate), the children of the Gettabitto did *not* have a good race, then I think they ought to forsake the Turf for the pew-opening or verging profession. Just before the start it was 8 to 1 each of four. The "S.P." quotations were 7 to 1 Alasnam, 100 to 14 Scatwell, 100 to 14 Sir Berkeley, 9 to 1 Diadem (second), 9 to 1 Zinovia, 9 to 1 Tetrachia, 100 to 7 Dominion, 100 to 6 Clarion, 22 to 1 My Dear (third), and not much, if any, public money for the winner, who started at 25 to 1, and was on offer at "forties" overnight! In addition to this, what about all the money they must have got over doubles, on top of all the doubles that went wrong when Ivanhoe won the Cesarewitch?

One just hates to think that the fielders *never* win, for, after all, fair's fair, and it is not right that the voracious backer should have things all his own way. Some people have been so unkind as to say that some of the speculators had what is called a "skinner" over the race, and never wrote Brigand's name down. If one dared to assert this off one's own bat I know quite well that one would be overwhelmed with indignant denials. One of life's little anomalies is why, if bookmakers never win, they go on being bookmakers—and why so many of them are at it! Another anomaly in connection with the Turf is that thorny old problem—the tipster. Why are not all these men, who are always giving their clients winners at absolutely wholesale prices, millionaires? Why do they want our five-shilling postal orders—why do they want our guineas?

A little while ago a correspondent wrote to me about overnight prices, and the quaint way in which money seems to get on to a horse during the hours of darkness. He said that he had repeatedly failed to get the overnight price first thing in the morning, and that he wanted to know why. No one answered him, and I personally felt entirely unable to do so. Now another correspondent writes to me upon the same subject, prefacing his criticism by asserting that he is a

mere speculator in stocks and shares by profession, and a gambler on horses by accident. Here is his letter—

I notice that you draw attention in your notes to Brigand's having been at 40 to 1 overnight, and 25 to 1 "S.P." for the Cambridgeshire—i.e., nearly double the odds in town on the morning of the race. I am told that the owner won about £30,000. It would not be difficult for him to do this at what to him would be a very small outlay. I hope he did, because we are all pleased to see a good sportsman and a man who does his best to improve the breed of the thoroughbred have a success.

But this is not my point. Supposing even £1000 went on to Brigand between the time the card was called and 2.30 on the following day, is this, taking the share market as a basis, any reason why the price should be nearly half? I am merely a backer of horses by accident, a dealer in shares by necessity, and I therefore doubt whether, supposing I told my broker to buy me £1000 worth of Pink Kaffirs or Green Guinea Pigs in a very slack market, my poor little investment would send my holding up to double its value. I venture to think that such an investment would scarcely have affected the price of the shares at all—or, at any rate, only a few points. But what happens on the Turf? The layers get wind that the money comes from what I believe is called a sure hand, and bang goes the price of a commodity to nearly double! That is to say that, if I had designed to win £10,000, I should have had to indulge in a capital outlay of about double what I intended when I saw the market quotation in the paper.

The two things are not quite on, shall we say, "all fours"; but, as everyone is entitled to have his say, I publish this letter, as it is, after all, the view of some people. Bookmaking and the share market are not comparable, though I see what my correspondent is trying to get at—the sensitive nature of the Turf market.

The bookmaker's defence is that, if we do not like it, we can do the other thing. But what my friend means is that half the time

it is not weight of money or genuine demand which causes these violent fluctuations in the market. In the present race under discussion, even if Mr. de Rothschild did bring off a £30,000 coup (which I hope he did), the field-money which the layers had up their sleeves should have been so large as to make such a little bit of gilt knocked off their gingerbread negligible. Yet I am told that they have not, poor wretches, had a good race!

The only thing which bets absolutely "to figures" is the much-discussed and also often abused Totalisa-

tor, the system of which is that the field-money is equally divided amongst the holders of tickets on the winner, less a percentage. The larger the number of tickets, the smaller the dividend. But to the man who wants his thousand on it has never greatly appealed;

[Continued on page 5.]



AT A MEET AT HOPETOUN HOUSE: THE CHILDREN OF LORD AND LADY LINLITHGOW.

This delightful snapshot of the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow's children was taken recently at Hopetoun House, South Queensferry. The names from left to right are: The Earl of Hopetoun, Lady Anne Hope, Lady Joan Hope, and Lord John Hope, who is the little Earl's younger twin-brother.—[Photograph by Ian Smith, Edinburgh.]



A MEET AT LORD LEIGH'S PLACE: THE NORTH WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS.

The opening meet of the North Warwickshire Hounds took place at Lord Leigh's historic seat, Stoneleigh Abbey. Our photograph was taken in the Deer Park, and shows Lord Leigh, wearing a light felt hat, standing behind the balustrade.—[Photograph by Photo. Press.]

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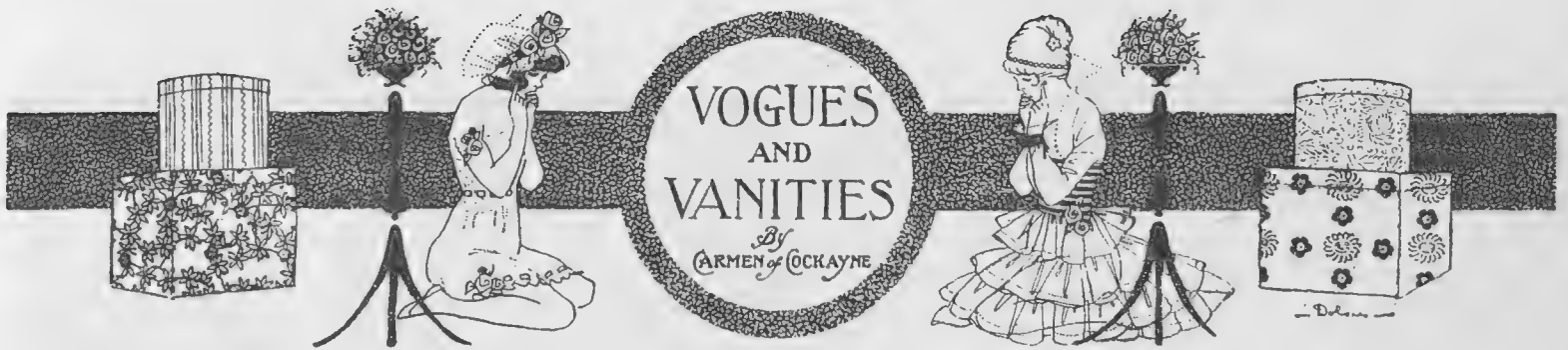
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### What Do They Think?

Are there still any people left who think that it is the mission of the "undie" to hide and not to reveal?—or, to put it even more plainly, who believe that under-garments are meant to conceal rather than to provide a frame, sometimes a very skeleton of a frame, for beauty? I hate to shatter illusions, especially fondly cherished ones, and this question of under-garments is the rock on which many happy family friendships have been split. Still, truth—like "undies" sometimes do—will out, and, though there may be plenty of points on which they may differ, both the economist and the spendthrift will agree that, if it comes to a question of saving material, the lingerie specialist would get first prize every time.

### A Virtue of Necessity.

But there are always two sides to a question, and, in justice to the people who make under-clothes, it has got to be admitted that, in a literal sense, they can't go to upward or downward extremes. The fashion of low or no corsages, and skirts that could scarcely be shorter and deserve the name, effectually puts a stop to any extravagant tendencies to material outlay. When the top of one's bodice—I mean, the outside kind—is only separated by an inch or two from the waistline, and when a fold of material that just—and only just—covers the spine is accounted all that's necessary to conform to the rule regarding the back of a corsage, what can a poor lingerie artist do but adapt herself to the requirements of fashion? Brevity, too, is the soul of the rules governing the opposite extremity.

Our Victorian great-grandmothers, "modest" in every way, were not above showing the lace frills attached to their pantalettes—or, as we might say now, "knicks." Well, we've got above that, anyway. The shorter the skirt, the higher up creep the garments worn underneath it. It's simply not the thing to give secrets away to everyone.

### Making the Best of It.

So the people who design under-garments for women have to do the best they can with the limited number of inches at their disposal; and it has got to be admitted that they do very well. And none better than Mme. Venn, the presiding genius of "Venn's Undies," 95, Wigmore Street, W., where Dolores sketched the attractive et-ceteras that make to-day's page so specially interesting. Few people know—it would be more accurate to say no one knows—quite so well just how much beauty it is possible to squeeze into the few inches of net or crêpe-de-Chine, or chiffon, or ninon, or georgette that goes by the name of a camisole these saving days; or understand better the art of evolving a fascinating

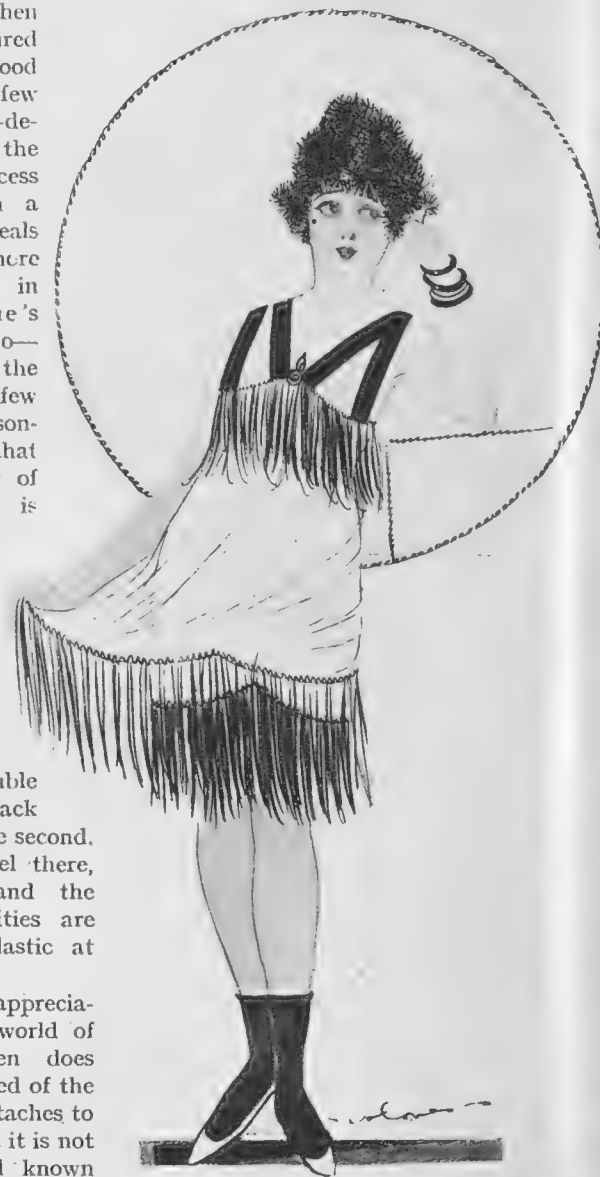
nightdress, a captivating chemise, dinky knicks, or provocative "pettie" from a piece of material whose fate, in "the good old days," would quite certainly have been the family scrap-bag.

### Easier Than It Sounds.

In a sense, the feat is not really so difficult as it sounds. After all, fringe can, and on under-clothes does, go a long way towards making up for a material shortage. It adds inches of length to something that might otherwise be altogether too short for comfort, not to mention decency. But you can't complain when wide aluminium-coloured fringe carries on the good work begun by the few inches of grey crêpe-de-Chine that goes by the name of skirt in a princess petticoat; and when a peep underneath it reveals the presence of still more fringe doing its bit in knicker formation, there's only one thing left to do—and that's to buy the model. Then, again, few people would be unreasonable enough to deny that a moderate quantity of black crepe-de-Chine is used to the best possible advantage in a pyjama suit in which the shortness and sleevelessness of the py-jacket is made good by the use of white silk fringe in regard to the first, and double shoulder-straps of black ribbon in regard to the second. A tassel here, a tassel there, help things along, and the nicely frilled extremities are discreetly held by elastic at the ankles.

### Other Good Things.

An appreciative world of women does not need to be reminded of the special charm that attaches to a Venn "undie." But it is not yet, perhaps, so well known that, yielding to repeated entreaties, Mme. Venn is now devoting some of her time and energy to evolving the "something novel, something new" in the way of jumpers and blouses for which the woman who likes to dress well—and every woman secretly does—is always on the look-out. One notices the distinctive touch that belongs to everything she makes in a blouse-jumper of palest biscuit georgette, with pipings of black satin, and black-rimmed buttons used for purely decorative reasons. There is a graduated kilted frill in the front that helps to emphasise the circular line of the neck, but the collar at the back is square; and it is of interest to note that, though the model is caught into a wide plain band at the hem, this is loose enough not to define the figure too precisely. The device is really much more important than might at first appear. One reason why the jumper-blouse has captured feminine favour so completely is because of its kindly concealing qualities. A blouse that finished at the waist and was held by a tight-fitting skirt revealed any figure deficiencies with which a woman was unfortunate enough to be afflicted. A jumper-blouse, on the other hand, hides anything of the kind—no wonder it is liked.



*It's really a deceptive sort of garment, for it's knickers and camisole as well as princess petticoat.*



*Even the pyjama suit has succumbed to the no-sleeve craze—but what matter? You can never have too much of a good thing.*

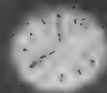


# Ingersoll Radiolite

Shows Time in the Dark



In the Dark



Houses of Parliament  
London

**T**HIS—the busiest period of the world's history—the period of reconstruction—demands new and up-to-date methods. The most efficient equipment should be part of every organisation—collectively and individually. Modern conditions call for day *and* night time work, and because night time must be measured, millions of people are using the Ingersoll Radiolite.

This watch glows the time at night as clearly as the electrically illuminated "Big Ben," but, unlike its big brother in the steeple, it costs so little that nearly everybody can own it—and you can carry it with you always!



Ingersoll Waterbury Radiolite.  
Small 12-size watch,  
jewelled at the balance 40/-

Quantity buying of good materials and quantity production explain Ingersoll low prices. Accuracy and dependability are assured by the exhaustive inspections and tests through which every watch passes before despatch to dealers.

**There is an Ingersoll Model for everyone from 60/- down to 15/-**

Ingersoll Radiolites are sold by high-class watch dealers in all parts of the world, but if your dealer cannot supply you, any model you wish will be sent post free upon receipt of price.

Write for illustrated Catalogue, sent post free.

**INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Ltd.,**

(Dept. 471), 170, Regent Street, London, W.1.



Ingersoll Midget Radiolite. A handy watch for ladies.  
Price 27/6

Ingersoll Midget Ivorise Radiolite—The Midget in ivorine case—a boon at the bedside.  
Price 30/-



## WINTER JOY-RIDING, AND THE SUMMER'S RESULTS. By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

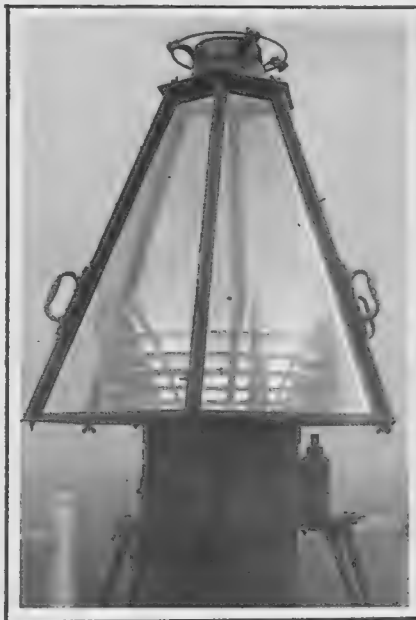
SOMEWHAT naturally, the "joy-ride" activities of the various aeroplane firms which have been so busy during the summer are beginning to wane—chiefly, one imagines, because the holiday-makers who were the customers of these firms have now spent all their money and have gone home to their murky industrial towns, and not because the joy-riding public has lost any interest in flying. In fact, it seems fairly certain that next year joy-riding will begin much earlier, and will be a more popular amusement than it was this year—and this year has been quite active enough, in all conscience. It is impossible to get at anything like accurate figures for the number of passengers taken up for pure joy-rides, as distinct from cross-country journeys, during the year; but the figures that are available give one furiously to think about next year's possibilities.

Lancashire's 30,000 Joy-Riders. For example, the Avro people announced finally that their machines in Lancashire alone (taking in the seaside resorts around Blackpool, Southport, Liverpool, and Fleetwood), had taken up 30,000 passengers between June, when they started, and the end of September, when they stopped. And all that was done without an accident to any passenger. It represents at least 300,000 miles' flying—which would be a fairly good mileage without an accident for any species of vehicle. By the irony of fate, only a day or so after they closed down—pilots and mechanics fairly worn out by hard work—a gale arose in the night, blew all their machines head over heels (or rather, wheels over planes), and crashed them quite completely, barring their engines and air-screws.

Avro Organisation. Probably the loss is less than might appear, for the planes and fuselages must have been about due for rebuilding after all their flying. At any rate, nobody seemed very grieved about the affair; and it certainly was not in any way due to defective organisation on the part of Major Gordon MacMinnies, D.S.O., who was O.C. the Lancashire venture, for right through the busy season his organisation has been absolutely wonderful. In fact, if there had been any flaw in his methods it would have been impossible to carry anything like the number of passengers in the time. One has no figures for the other Avro ventures—at Windermere, Douglas (Isle of Man), Brighton, Hounslow, and elsewhere—but they probably account for a few thousands more.

Hendon, Cricklewood, and Northolt. It has also been announced that the Grahame-White pilots—likewise mounted chiefly on Avros—at Hendon have taken up something over 5000 passengers during the three or four summery months; and so far as one can remember,

they have had no serious casualties. One twin-engined machine crashed in the aerodrome when getting off the ground, and injured the pilot; but, if one's memory is correct, the passengers were practically unhurt. Certainly nobody was killed. At the neighbouring aerodrome at Cricklewood the Handley-Page people have been taking up passengers in shiploads, many of them being free flights (so far as the passengers' own pockets were concerned) presented to readers of various newspapers—presumably as an aid to circulation. Over and above these, many more have themselves paid for trips in Handley-Pages, so that one might safely add a few more thousands in this quarter. Also in the London district one must include quite a number of passengers taken up by the Central Aircraft Company's own-built machines at Northolt, more or less near Harrow, where the C.A.C. is running quite a successful flying-school.



FOR GUIDING AIRCRAFT ENGAGED IN CIVIL FLYING: ONE OF THE SPECIAL BEACONS AT THE HOUNSLOW AERODROME.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

### A Lone-Hand Venture, and Others.

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary joy-ride ventures, and a well-deserved success, was a lone-hand affair run by an ex-officer of the R.A.F. in South Wales. He bought one of the smaller type of Armstrong-Whitworth machines from the Ministry of Munitions, and, with the help of one or two mechanics, kept it going week after week till well on in September. He was the sole pilot, business manager, head mechanic, and everything rolled into one. And he took up 2500 passengers. He wound up the season by flying the machine up to London and selling it for pretty well what he gave for it. It is said that a good deal of passenger-carrying has also been done by privately owned machines at Oxford and Cambridge. Also Major Fowler, of the Eastbourne Aviation Company, has done well along the South Coast with seaplanes; and, further west, the Supermarine Company of Southampton have been doing a lot of passenger-carrying with flying-boats.

### Winter Passenger Flights.

With so much enthusiasm which has been aroused during the summer, it seems that it ought to be quite possible to keep going, though on a more moderate scale, during the winter. At any rate, the Supermarine people think so, for they have already expressed their intention of giving passenger flights at Bournemouth, at which place, being a winter resort, they ought to do quite well. But one believes there are equally good chances inland. In the old days there was quite as much flying on a winter Saturday or Sunday at Brooklands or Hendon as in the summer. The hours during which one can fly are shorter, but they are frequently finer; and nothing is more enjoyable than a flight on a bright winter morning with snow on the ground. Now that there is an aerodrome next door to every town of any size, the personally run and economically managed joy-ride venture ought to do quite well even in the winter.



MRS. CHARLIE CHAPLIN: POSING IN AEROPLANE KIT. Mrs. Charles Chaplin, who was formerly Miss Mildred Harris, a film star, offered the Mayor of Los Angeles the use of the Chaplin aeroplanes to convey the King and Queen of the Belgians to the town.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

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are two of the secrets of the phenomenal success of "PAN"—the great new super-weekly.

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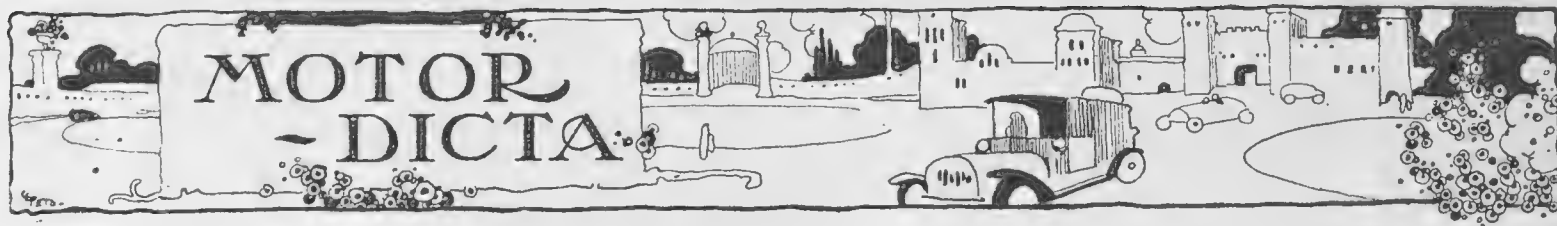
One of the many clever illustrations from "PAN"

# PAN

A JOURNAL FOR SAINTS AND CYNICS

EVERY TUESDAY—PRICE 6<sup>D</sup>.

Owned and Published by ODHAMS, Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.



## AUTO FINANCE: GIANTS AT GIGANTIC PRICES.

By GERALD BISS.

SUCH are the exigencies of printing in these congested days of short hours that I have not even had a peep within the pearly gates of Olympia, while these lines appear in cold print at the very height of the Show; for is not to-morrow by the calendar "Half-Bradbury Day" of the neo-plutocracy, with members of the R.A.C. admitted for a mere brace of silver half-crowns, worth almost more in this financial age of paper and promises—that is, if they make due application in Pall Mall, and do not demand their automobile children's tickets at the ever-clicking, ever-clocking turnstiles of inexorable Olympia, which lays the golden eggs for the wise old S.M.M.T., which is a gay old bird not above doing a bit of 250 per cent. profiteering on her own (including entertainment tax), in order to keep in the fashion.

### Contrast to the Last Show.

This, all round, is the Olympia of high prices, though I am the first to recognise that it is not the fault of manufacturers, unless perchance in some cases they have attempted to double their pre-war overhead margin of sheer profit upon each automobile as their individual share of the plunder. It so happened that this very night of writing, while searching through my automobile archives for some terrible technical detail, abhorred in my imagination, I placed an unwitting hand upon a classification of cars by prices, exactly six years old. At first I thought I was in the seventh automobile heaven. Then I rubbed my eyes and found that I was wide awake, yet in the throes of a forty-horse-power nightmare. And momentarily I expected to find Rolls-Roysters given away with a pound of tea, and Daimlers three a penny! A paltry thousand—good gold sovereigns in those days—touched top price, and for half or less you could buy all sorts of jolly autos of good class complete; and above that you entered the ranks of the erstwhile rich and became a luxurious monster derided of Mr. Lloyd George.

### Incomes and Outgoings.

Well, well, much water has flown through our distilleries since those days, and many folk have profited, to the plucking of their less lucky or more conscientious neighbours; and, in consequence, prices are most pluckily over the top at Olympia, as they were at the Salon. But who is to buy, is the economic question, as soon as things begin to become sub-normal, and we start to foot the bill for the war or in despair revert to species, like the red, red Bolshies? Last July, in these columns, in an idle moment I analysed proud Austen's anæmic White Paper on that dread and dour subject of income-tax (if you have income left after the tax), and I am glad to notice that a motoring correspondent in the *Times* approaches the subject

from the same point of view—as an analysis of possible purchasers of high-priced automobiles. As I pointed out, there were on the crest of the war-boom only some 60,000 folk with incomes of over £2500—a figure bound to decrease rather than to increase; and if so, the future car has got to be an automobile of the mean rather than the golden mean type, run by oneself withal without aid of chauffeur—a matter of oil and mud and petrol personally shouldered. Why not? Some people revel in it.

### The Unrepentant Manufacturer.

But not the new haughty-crats, of whom—like the mouse when it spins—the higher, the fewer, according to income-tax returns. Therefore, analyse your Olympia, and ask yourself whether things are not a bit on the side of swollen head. Each producer of a super-priced automobile will admit your figures and your statistical deductions blandly, smilingly, and optimistically; and I will let you into the

secret that each one of these gorgeous optimists is assured in his own mind that he is going to see the other poor fellow down and under. Maybe; but the crack has got to come, and will come soon, however freely diamonded in every cylinder and however sapphire-set each clutch may be in these super-priced super-cars. I would have none other myself—probably one of each, or more—had I the money; but, alas! to the greater detriment of super-automobilism, I have not. In these days I fear, much as I love them and adore their great qualities, they come from the hidebound age; and it will be a great struggle for the survival of the supreme. He who runs—if he can—may read between the lines at Olympia; and, good value as they may be for present lack of actual money, I have my fears for the future of many of them.

### The Price of Perfection.

It is the car which even the new poor can buy that is going to make the millions of the future—for Labour, unless Labour reject, in its recalcitrancy, its great opportunity both of money and of motoring. The one and only way in which the price-monsters are catering for economy is in the

matter of upkeep—at a price—especially by owner-driver bodies, dispensing with a chauffeur; but how many Hoggenheimers are going to look after and tend their own two or three thousand pound autopets? From that aforesaid anæmic White Paper you can calculate to a nicety how many of the biggest and best autos will be required under new conditions of a lustrum of life, if not a decade, and economic factors becoming constantly more stringent and exacting. However, such altruistic competition to a point of death and dissolution all makes for the greater good of the ultimate automobile. It is, as the final result of all competition, the price of perfection.



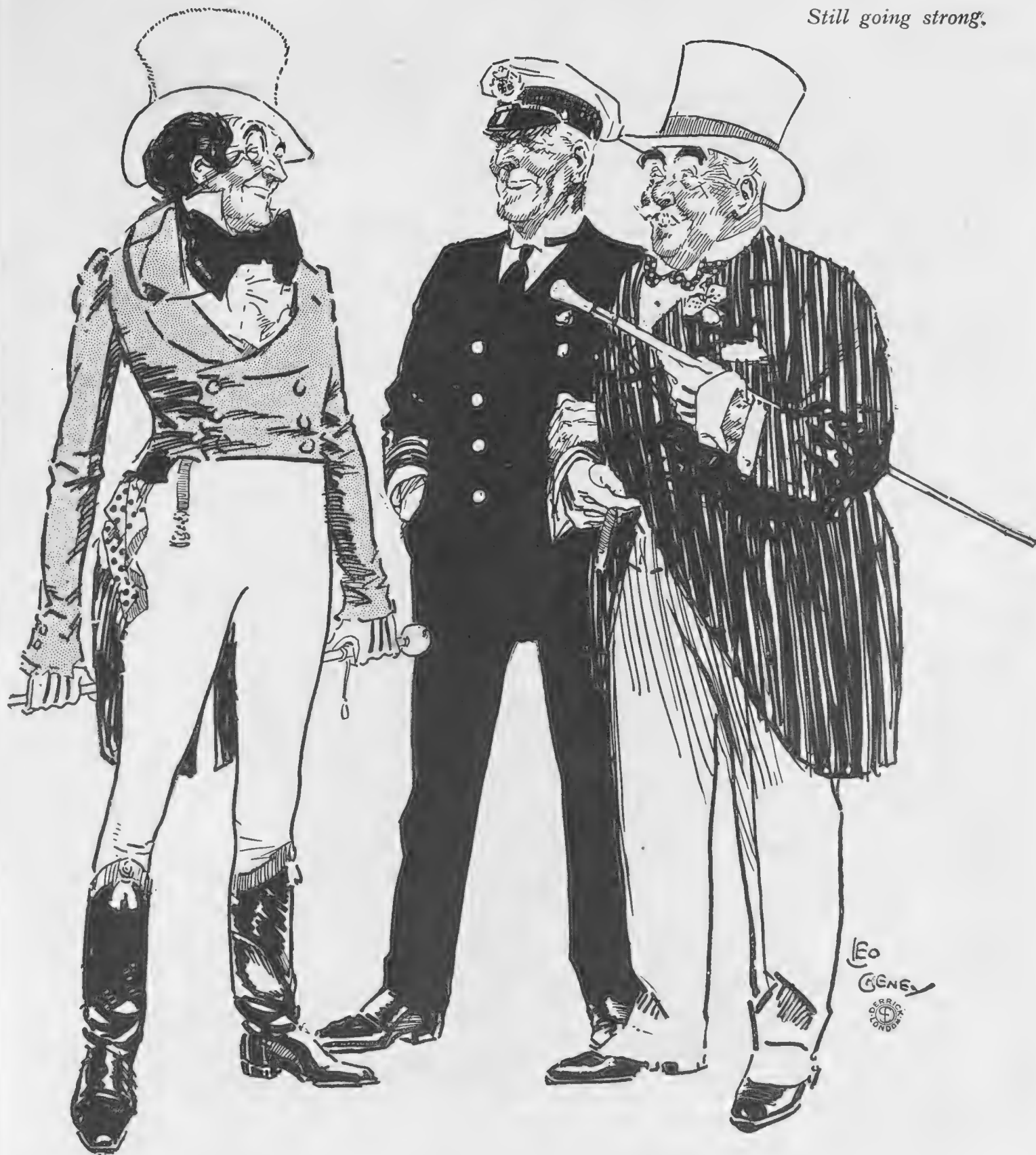
A REMARKABLE SPILL: A MOTOR-CYCLE WITH SIDE-CAR OVERTURNING DURING A BEACH RACE.

Describing the photograph, our correspondent writes: "Perhaps one of the most spectacular motor-cycle spills yet seen was the unhappy experience of Al Kunby, when, at the annual beach races of the New Jersey Motor-Cycle Club, his machine, side-car and all, hit a hole in the sand, covered with water, with the result pictured. Luckily, Kunby escaped with a few scratches. It was in the Side-Car Pursuit Race that the accident occurred.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



*Born 1820—  
Still going strong.*



FRIEND IN BLUE: "A faithful friend is the medicine of life."

JOHNNIE WALKER: "Because 'the medicine of life' is sold only in  
'square' bottles."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

## MOTOR SHOW NOTES.

**The Warland Rim Company**  
(Stand No. 172).

The Warland Dual Rim will be seen not only upon the firm's own stand, but on some twenty others in the Show, principally tyre-makers and carriage-builders, proving the popularity of this familiar device. Warland rims are made in single and twin form, and can be applied to every existing type of wheel, regardless of whether it be wood, wire, or steel. The Warland system is that the steel flange of the felloe is made detachable, secured by a series of bolts and nuts, so that the rim complete with tyre can be removed sideways from the wheel, and a spare rim and fully inflated tyre put on in its place. The rim itself has a detachable



QUICK WORK: CHANGING A RUDGE-WHITWORTH DETACHABLE WIRE WHEEL.

Motors and motoring are the interests of the moment, as all roads lead to Olympia. Our photograph shows a girl changing a Rudge-Whitworth detachable wire wheel.

section, which reduces its diameter when removed, thus permitting the tyre and tube to be withdrawn with the greatest of ease.

**The North British Rubber Co., Ltd. (Stand No. 193).**

This company is showing its various types of well-known pneumatic tyres in numerous sizes, plain-ribbed tread, grooved tread, steel-studded, and the well-known Clincher Cross non-skid tyre,

designed especially for limousines and heavy cars. This last-named won for itself a great name during the war, and is in great demand. In addition the North British Rubber Company is exhibiting its various accessories for tyres, its motor rugs, clothing, mats, waterproof covering, and other sundries.

**The Avon India Rubber Tyre Company (Stand No. 201).**

No alterations have been made in the designs of the tread, and no new tyres have been introduced by this well-known Melksham firm, who in 1914 reinforced their resources by the purchase of the Sirdar Rubber Company's plant and workshops at Bradford-on-Avon. While the Avon square-tread and steel-studded tyres follow more or less conventional lines, with certain exceptional features, the Sunstone Special is quite a distinctive model, with a very heavy tread and stout walls, and a generous thickness of rubber at the point of road contact, and its elliptical contour makes not only for luxury, but materially reduces the fear of puncture. All the various "Avon" sundries connected with tyres, vulcanising and other details of motoring, are being shown on the stand.



FOR CHARABANCS, LORRIES AND BUSES: THE DUNLOP MAGNUM CORD 9-IN. PNEUMATIC.

**Palmer Tyres, Ltd. (Stand No. 186).**

This famous cord tyre, which holds so many fine records on racing machines and the heaviest types of pleasure-cars, is being shown in its full range, together with everything connected with it. It is, however, a matter of regret that, owing to lack of space, this year the company has been prevented from exhibiting (as it has always done in the past, constituting quite one of the features of Olympia) the Palmer cord-laying machine, which demonstrates the principle on

[Continued overleaf.]

**POPE & BRADLEY**  
Sole Proprietor H. Dennis Bradley  
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.



**DEAD HEAT**

To meet the many requests, reproductions of some of this series of pictures, including "The Original Jazz," "The Interrupted Jazz," "The Beautiful Rag," and "Victory," are now published in colour 17" x 12" at 1s. each.

**NEMESIS.**

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

WHO is there so blind that he cannot see that the era of war has not yet passed?

The war of nations, sated for the moment by the bloody holocaust of youth, continues now in other phases, the war of classes breeds sinister unrest in every land, and the battle of the sexes—the only battle worth the fruits—goes on throughout this jazzed age with unabated vigour and quickened impulse at the world's upheaval.

I, too, am at war. Five years ago—an æon—my declaration was made, and coincided with the old men's ultimatums. My war is for Youth and against Old Age; for—my generation, clean and virile, but tortured and decimated, against a generation besmirched, decrepit and foreign which still lives, though, fortunately, is quickly dying.

If the tragic past has achieved one thing it has made the articulate few realise Life and Death, Love and Hate.

Even now—for the moment—we are living in a world in which the old men in every country presume to govern our wills, our lives, our longings, and our belongings.

On their tribunals, in the safety of their camps, and on their soft-padded divans—venom-tongued—they have for long years taunted us, goaded us and maligning us, treated us like cattle.

Their record is before us. Europe devitalised, demoralised and destitute, with a colossal legacy of debt for the young to toil to liquidate. Youth they have duped, misled, insulted, preyed upon, cheated, used and lied to.

The old men made no sacrifice, paid no price, with the exception of their quaint wartime boast—which became a cliché—that they had given their sons. Fifftha! Lives which were not theirs to give. They have given much—too much, that was not theirs to give—and expect to receive too much in return for their carefully calculated munificence.

There is a world shortage of the sweet and pleasant things of Life, thanks to the elderly war-makers of Europe.

But Youth hugs one consolation to its breast; the old men who still govern the young meet their match and something more than their match, in the Lists of Love.

For the Lists of Love are the Lists of Youth.

Age may desire, but Youth inevitably possesses. Love, at least, is not for the old, the sterile, the impotent. But age is arrogant and blind, and we must take them from the paradise of fools.

So, if in their decayed imaginations, senile satyrs misread the enigmatic smiles of the nymphs, if they are so fond in their conceit as to misunderstand, to believe that the allurements are for them, let them know that they, in their turn, are being duped, misled, trapped, tricked, preyed upon, played upon, lied to, cheated, used—and loathed.

For, come what may, the weapons in Woman's armoury are never allowed to rust; they are kept sharp as her wits, and it is only in the absence of lordlier game that she deigns to practice scornfully on vermin.

The Saturnalia of the old men is at its end. It is well that they should now see and know themselves, that the poison of their knowledge should consume them.

Turning to a more pleasant subject, the following prices for clothes are not really quixotic. They are modest, because the House is building for the new generation and not for the decadent old. Tweed Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Overcoats from £10 10s.

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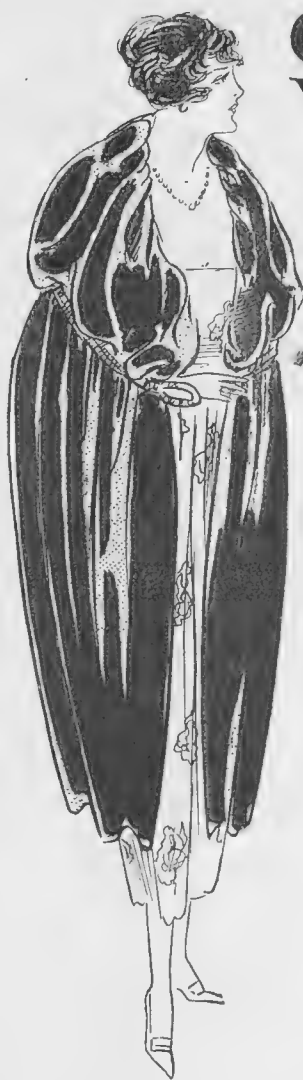
### "BERKELEY"

Exclusive Evening Wrap in cerise chiffon velvet lined through self colour. Yoke handsomely gauged to form loose-hanging pouch over shoulders. Finished with loop and button.

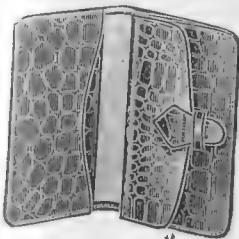
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No. 4010.—LADY'S CROCODILE GRAINED LEATHER CARD CASE ... 10/6  
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Lady's BLOUSE CASE, with drawn pockets to carry OWN FITTINGS.

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Brown Rolled Hide, lined Moirette...	85/-	95/-	105/-
Superior quality, lined Moirette ...	5/15/0	6/10/0	7/5/0
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" lined Silk ...	13/0/0	14/10/0	16/0/0

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187, Regent Street, W.1,

67, Piccadilly, W.1.

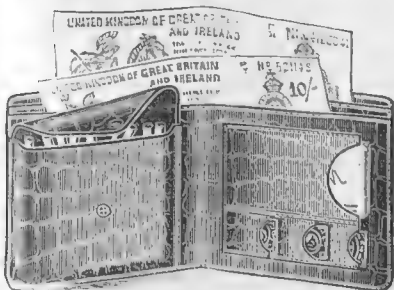
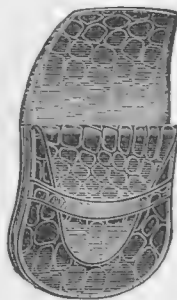
177-178, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

81-84, Leadenhall Street, LONDON, E.C.3

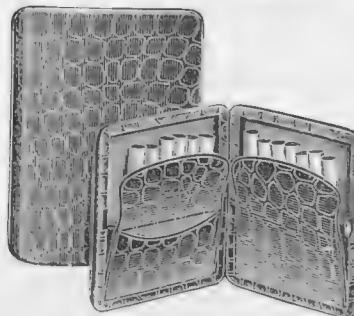


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**Dancing Frock** for little girl. In biscuit net, trimmed with small pink roses. Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 ins.

First size

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**BERKELEYS**

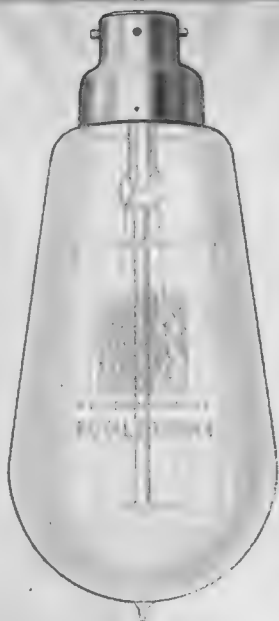
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EDISWAN**



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OTHER DAYS  
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THE BRILLIANCE OF  
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ENGLISH EDISWAN. EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL  
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It can be enjoyed before meals as an aperitif, and, after dinner, it makes an ideal long drink with Soda Water.

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It is good economy to dress your  
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You cannot obtain good and lasting service from a cover, however good, unless the frame which holds it is right.  
Ask, therefore, for a Fox's Frame, fitted with a cover and handle selected to your taste.  
Fox's Frames are acknowledged to be the best obtainable and will outlast many covers.

Look for the above Trade Marks on the Frame when purchasing an umbrella. They are your guarantee for quality and durability.

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"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

#### The Vicar in the Harness-Room.

I suppose it will seem funny to many people that the Vicar of Wembdon, near Bridgwater, and his wife have to sleep in the harness-room, whilst the children sleep in the hayloft.

In reality, this is not at all funny. A Vicar is usually a gentleman, and his wife is usually a lady. The education of the average Vicar would cost, I suppose, anything from £1000 to £1500. The average Vicar, again, must be something of an idealist. He certainly does not become a clergyman in order to make money. After all, it is generally the Vicar to whom the poor turn when in trouble.

There was much outcry because Mrs. Cornwell, the mother of Jack Cornwell, V.C., was in need of money. The outcry was right, and the money was forthcoming. The Vicars and Rectors of England have given their sons freely for the country, and the majority of them are in need of money. But there is no outcry, and the money is not forthcoming.

Why? Because they are gentry, and the gentry are supposed to be able to take care of themselves. When a Vicar, therefore, has to sleep in the harness-room and put his children in the hayloft in order to let out his Vicarage as lodgings, it is merely funny.

If nobody else will start a League of Professional Classes, I shall do it myself. The time is over-ripe

#### The Greatest League.

I have been talking and writing for years about a League of Professional Classes, but what is the use of talking? Practical support is what is wanted. With an office in London, and a small staff of typists, one could rapidly create a League which would make every other League look foolish. Until the Professional Classes show their strength, that strength will never be realised.

The average professional man is poorer, in proportion, than the average labouring man. The labouring man is indispensable, but so is the professional man. No mine could be worked, no ship could be built, no railway could be run without the brains of professional men.

In America, I believe, where they get to business, some of the parsons have threatened to go on strike. If you have no religion, you will reply, "Well, what would that matter?" You forget that the majority have religion. If there were no parsons to baptise infants, or marry lovers, or bury the dead, I assure you that a sort of panic would seize hold of the country. The people would soon implore the Vicar to come out of the harness-room.

The case of the doctors is self-evident.

Even lawyers would be missed. There are some things the lay mind cannot tackle. Try buying a house without a lawyer.

#### A Fascinating Subject.

I had no intention, when I sat down, of giving away all the points in favour of the League; but the subject gets hold of one. The Vicar in the harness-room is responsible; he set this particular little ball rolling.

How about amusements? "Oh," says the member of the N.U.R., or the L.F.X., or the B.H.V., "we could easily do without amusements!" Could you?

Could you do without your newspaper? Could you do without your pictures? Would you like every day to be Sunday? Could your daughters do without their dancing and their books from the library? I had an idea that you attached importance to music. You may be in a choir. Could you tolerate Sunday without your church service?

England was never, I imagine, a very gay land, even when they called it "Merrie England." If all the theatres, and picture-houses, and concerts, and dancing-halls shut down, I rather fancy thoughts of suicide would become fashionable. Only thoughts, of course, because there would be no coroner to call you temporarily insane, and, even if there were, no parson to bury you in consecrated ground.

And what of keeping our position in the race against other countries? That depends as much on the professional man as on the labourer. A professional man, if necessary, can hew coal or run a railway-engine; but I doubt if there is one collier or engine-driver in this country who can invent an aero-engine to beat the Americans.

#### A Friendly League.

My League, of course, would not be a pugnacious League, any more than the League of Nations is a pugnacious League. Not a member of it but would do his best for the welfare of the labouring classes. It would be essentially a Friendly League.

But it would stand no nonsense. It would see to it, in the first place, that its members were paid a living wage. The labouring classes are always demanding (and getting) a living wage. The professional classes are too proud or too shy to ask for a living wage; and many of them, in consequence, don't get it. And they

have no general Court of Appeal with power to champion their cause. There is always the question, of course, whether the League would hold together. Would the parsons back up the doctors, and the doctors the lawyers, and the lawyers the scientists, and the scientists the actors? They might not at first; but they would in the end, for the simple reason that it would be necessary for the salvation of all.

Anyway, it is a stimulating idea. Stimulating ideas are generally pinched; but that does not matter, if the pincher is not so greedy that he pinches the idea to death.




AS LADY KINKENNEL IN "WHIO'S HOOPER?" AT THE ADELPHI: MISS MADELINE SEYMOUR.

holograph by Rita Martin.

JAvsten

EVE

The  
NEW MONTHLY  
for  
MODERN WOMEN

## *Eve tweaks the Serpent's tail.*

"EVE" seeks but the *joie de vivre*—the music, the frolic, the fun—and her spirit is infectious. Never is she dull—rarely is she serious—always is she human.

"EVE" is overflowing with happiness and interest—Theatre, Sport, Music, and the Arts.—"EVE" is crammed from cover to cover with colour and black-and-white illustrations by the cleverest artists. "EVE" takes, too, an active interest in Society's vagaries and intrigues, and keeps her readers in close touch with all the latest happenings.

Dress is her ruling passion (here "EVE" excels herself)—but she has a big heart and a wise head, and everything that can appeal to the modern woman is dealt with in turn in a manner that is feminine and entirely interesting.

A huge edition of the first number is being printed, but there is certain to be a great rush for copies. The only sure way of getting it is to order it at once. Give a definite order for it—every newsagent can supply it if he chooses. If you *do* have any difficulty write to the publishers.

*Ready on November 14  
One Shilling*

EVE  
The New  
Monthly

Continued.]

which this tyre is constructed and reveals to the eye the reason of its great powers of resistance to weight, strain, or speed.

**The B. F. Goodrich Co. Ltd.**  
(Stand No. 200).

The Goodrich Company, which must not be mixed up with the Goodyear tyre, both American importing firms, is showing its well-known series of plain and studded tyres, and its speciality, the Safety Tread tyre. The principle of this tyre is derived from the repetition of a moulded design of five bars and a cross-tie, moulded into the tread and forming a natural part of the tyre. The five longitudinal bars take a strong, natural grip of the road, and the cross-ties clean and prepare the surface for the grip; and, whatever the angle of the wheels, the formation of this tread offers the greatest possible resistance to side-slip. The Goodrich red inner tubes and their "inch-size" tyres for American rims in various types, together with various tyre-repairing and other sundries, such as Ford radiator connections, etc., are also exhibited on the stand.

**The Goodyear Tyre and Rubber Company**  
(Stand No. 170).

The Goodyear Company, which equally must not be mixed up with the Goodrich firm, dealt with above, makes a special feature of its straight-side cord tyre and detachable rim for that tyre. The straight-side tyre, which is simple to take off and put on the rim, has a wide base which increases the air-space inside the tyre considerably, giving great resilience. In this tyre the bead is straight and not hooked, as in the ordinary tyre. The detachable rim is very easily removed without unscrewing any bolts or nuts. In addition, the Goodyear Company is showing its All-Weather tread Clincher tyres, and its whole range of tyre sundries.

**Shell Marketing Company, Ltd.**  
(Stand No. 341).

There is very little that can be said about this great petrol-controlling company with its red cans which is not already known to the public, including the very big part it played in the war. The quality of Shell spirit has been justly famous in the motor world since it began to do its big share in the development of automobilism; and, if its quality deteriorated sadly during the latter part of the war from the individual motorist's point of view, the fault must not be ascribed to the company, but to the exigencies of the nation's needs and Government control. Packages for the containing and distribution of Shell, Crown, and Swan motor spirits, in addition to Shell aviation spirit, are staged on the stand;

**Messrs. Wm. Cole and Sons, Ltd.**  
(Stand No. 148).

This well-known firm of coach-builders to the Royal Family are showing on their stand three very handsome bodies, fitted to chassis of the highest class. Two of these are four-seated coupé-cabriolets, a model for which the firm is famous—the one fitted to a 30-h.p. Daimler and the other to a 25-h.p. Vauxhall. The third is one of their Imperial landaulet-limousines on a 25-h.p. Clement-Talbot—all coachwork of the first order.

**The Rotax Motor Accessories**  
(Stand No. 254).

On this stand are being shown all the large range of electrical accessories manufactured by this well-known firm up at Willesden, including a combined lighting and ignition unit, in which the distributor forms part of the electric generator. In connection with this there is a thermostatic safety ignition switch, which is set in order to prevent the danger of the battery becoming run down through the ignition-switch being left inadvertently in the "on" position. There are also to be seen the Rotax double-unit lighting and starting installations, which are fitted to a large number of cars at Olympia; and the Rotax dynamotor, which is a combined machine specially suitable for cars with engines up to 10-h.p. Further exhibits include Rotax switch-boards, head and side lamps, electric horns, cables, and so forth.

**Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd.**  
(Stand No. 290).

Within the last few months a lot has been heard and read about Castrol motor oils and greases, particularly in connection with aviation, Hawker and Alcock both having used it in connection with their Transatlantic flights, while it was employed in the R 34's historic double journey. All varieties can be seen on this stand, and much more besides. Newest of all is the Wakefield Castrol can-carrier, a useful adjunct designed to ensure a cleanness that does not always obtain when the oil-tin is carried in the locker. It is secured to the footboard, and the gallon tin is kept in position by a spring, which grips so tenaciously that no amount of vibration will shake the can loose. The carrier, which is neat in appearance and is electro-plated, costs only 15s. Perhaps of even greater utility is a screw-in top for drums or barrels, a cheap little fitment which, at the price of only 5s. 9d., should be in everyday use everywhere.

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## The starting point which tests the quality of Gillette Blades

—and no stopping—no honing—

IT is here that the Gillette makes that first long, sweeping movement which tests the edge of the blade and gives you confidence to move on to the more difficult problems round the corner.

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**Gillette Combination Set.**  
One of the most popular of Gillette Sets. Has gold-plated Razor, Badger Hair Shaving Brush and stick of Gillette Shaving Soap in Gold-Plated Holders; and two blade boxes with 12 double-edged Gillette Blades (24 shaving edges). Seal Grain Leather Case.

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**Gillette Standard Sets £1.1.**

Travellers' Sets, including Soap and Brush in triple-plated holders, 30/- and upwards.





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Time—  
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8 hrs. 18 min. 7½ secs.



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The only man  
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without stopping  
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THOMAS PAYNE, the World's Non - Stop Record Holder, writes : "I wish to testify to the excellent benefits I have received from the use of Phosferine. To keep up to form as a long-distance Champion Pedestrian I am obliged to lead the life strenuous and train hard, which entails great physical effort. Also to keep up to first-class standard as a Violinist, I must practise many hours every day, which draws greatly on the nerve reserves (to say nothing of the physical). Thanks to Phosferine I am able to retain my fitness for my Athletics and my Music."

This renowned athlete frankly acknowledges that it is Phosferine, and Phosferine alone, that provides him with the reserve of nerve and physical force to accomplish his marvellous feats of pedestrianism. He is only one of hundreds of men and women who have won honour and renown in the world of athletics who use Phosferine regularly so as to be certain of keeping fit.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see that you get

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## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

**"The Cry of Wolf."** As I go in and out and up and down among the multitudes now assembled in London, I find only one or two here and there who believe the Empire is threatened with financial ruin. Most of them give no thought at all to the matter; those who do have heard so much about the financial ruin wolf since childhood that the cry now holds no terror for them; a few pull long faces, and prophesy evil things with gusto. They are those who said that Germany would undoubtedly win the war. What in all my walks abroad I see no trace of is that rare and shy bird, economy. People seem to have endless money, and seem never tired of spending it. I have neither a financial nor a mathematical mind, but I believe Fairy Commonsense was fairly generous to me at birth; and I cannot see that, if a rattling expenditure all round was good for trade before the war, it is not good now. In any case, it must be better than hoarding.

**Rich and Rare.** Furs were never more beautiful, nor were they ever in my recollection so costly. I went into Redfern's, in Conduit Street, the other afternoon with a friend whose heart was set on a fur coat. Never have I seen such beauties. There was one of Russian sables worked with long ribs down and round ribs at the hem, and a wonderful collar and a lining that was just scrumptious in colour, softness, and richness. We did not ask the price, lest it should have raised the hair of the sables themselves, and they were so soft and rich and glossy. Then we saw a pair of coats in the most delicious mink; another in grey squirrel—also Russian, and exceedingly rare. There were superb silver foxes as sets and single skins; and skunk as glossy and soft as fox, and wonderfully rich. This collection of exquisite fur garments was rapidly being bought. My friend felt that, as the weather was so cold, they were going so fast, and influenza was coming on, she was justified in having a mink coat. I considered justification complete when she put it on.



*On chilly nights it is sometimes pleasant when going to the theatre not to be quite so décolletée as usual for evening wear; so why not put on a gold tissue bodice, which does cover one up a bit? The wrap is of purple velvet, trimmed with black fur.*

**Profitable Patriotism.** When my mother was a girl, she tells me, no silks were anything accounted of if they were British. French were most esteemed, especially a variety called gros-grain—now extinct as the Dodo. We have changed all that, and the war has sealed our patriotism. Also we profit by it, for where in all this little round world will you find anything in the silk line with so many good qualities as Lista? It is British, is guaranteed to wash and wear; there are scores of different colours and stripes on white, and there is plain white and cream. For dainty blouses, rest gowns, pyjamas, men's shirts, and for coats and skirts for warm climates this is the ideal silk. Wonderfully durable, it ensures the best kind of economy—that which gives every enjoyment to eye and senses, and yet wears thoroughly well. I am never surprised when I hear men and women insisting on Lista when they are buying silk for personal wear.

**Victories Within Victory.** The Germans, before the war, thought that they knew everything; and we, with true British phlegm, were content they should think so, and even encouraged them to the extent of buying the things from them in the making of which they excelled because they were cheaper than we could produce them. War gave them a lesson, and in nothing more than in the manufacture of optical instruments. Messrs. Aitchison and Co., Ltd., achieved a victory all their own in turning out prismatic binoculars for our officers superior to any the Germans supplied to theirs. The firm were able to

*[Continued overleaf.]*

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*The* Quality Dressing  
 for your Black Boots



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**JAEGER**  
*Camelhair*

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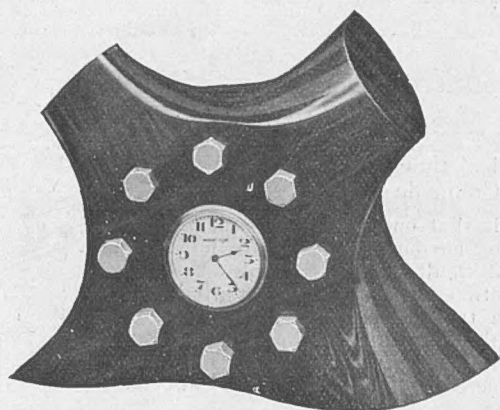
126, Regent Street, W. 1      102, Kensington High Street, W. 8  
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WILSON & GILL'S "AERO" CLOCK.



WILSON & GILL'S "AERO" CLOCKS, made from genuine Propellers of famous types of British Aeroplanes, and fitted with reliable 8-day lever movements and gilt or silver-plated bolts, in highly polished walnut and mahogany. Height 12 in.

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Toilet Water, 7/- ; Face Powder, 9½d. and 1/4 ;  
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design the new instruments necessary, and to increase production sufficiently to keep pace with the great demand. The new works of Messrs. Aitchison are a revelation in efficiency and equipment, and their binoculars represent the last word in scientific precision and perfect workmanship. They are now free of their war contracts, and the public are greatly delighted that they can be supplied as usual.

#### Fur Fashions Flying Here.

Flying furs do not mean what "furs and feathers flying" used to mean. The new construction is that the latest fashions in the finest furs are brought to London and Paris by aeroplane when a firm of furriers is of such world-wide fame and up-to-date enterprise as Revillon Frères, 180, Regent Street. I was lucky enough to be accorded an interview with a representative of that great firm, also to see some of the new models, which are marvels for richness, luxuriousness, and beauty. The long coats are not quite so voluminous as they were last year. Some very smart little sacque coats have been made; but the feeling for short fur coats, although here, is not yet strong. There is a great demand for foxes, whether white, black, smoke, grey, cross, or silver. In these, as in all furs, the increase of price is much more in the dyed than the natural furs. A silver fox-skin at £120 has not advanced in anything like the same proportion as a cross-fox at £30. Skunk and nutria, mole and seal musquash are all in favour. No wonder, as they are seen at Revillons.

**Fit for a King.** "It must be the Duchess—I have never seen such lovely perambulators." As a matter of fact, the lovely baby carriages drawn up in the verandah of the hotel did not denote the arrival of



*This child's costume shows that being small need not prevent one from being smart. The grown-up's costume, which is of purple velours, is very suggestive of that of a beau of the eighteenth century.*



the Duchess then expected. They were Incomparable Levesons, in which, later on, reclined two small people who would have to make their own way to high rank. They were being fitted to do so by a happy and healthy childhood, taking the air in the most luxurious carriages, built on the lines conducive to the small folks' comfort, as well as to the proper development of their small bodies. John Ward, Ltd., makers of these Incomparable Leveson baby carriages, have their head office and works at Leveson House, Lawrence Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.2,

**Send for It and See.** Whatever part of one's wardrobe wants renovating—and they seem to have an inconsiderate way of wanting all parts looking to at once—there is in a new booklet issued by Staggs and Mantle, the celebrated establishment in Leicester Square, something for every woman to profit by. Should her desire be for an evening gown, there are numerous illustrations in widely differing styles at prices from 5½ guineas to 15 guineas. Should skirts be required, they are shown from 25s. 11d., in silk chiffon taffeta, to 69s. 11d. Of coats there is the same tale to tell, and of hats. There are collars and ties of chiffon and lace, trimming laces, and undies, for which the shop is justly famous; there are blouses in well-nigh bewildering variety; and there are jumpers and coats that are exceptionally good value.



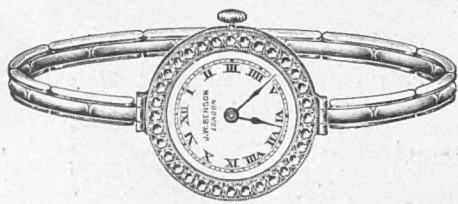
To H.M. the Late Queen Victoria.

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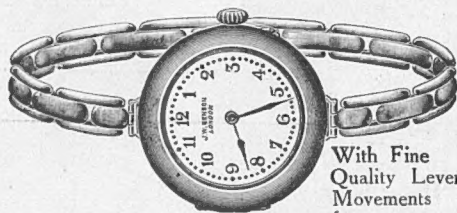


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